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SENIOR CLASS

Erskiniana

1916



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS AND STUDENTS
OF
ERSKINE COLLEGE DUE WEST, S. C.

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To

T. H. White,

in appreciation of the generous interest
and the loyal support which he has always shown
in our college endeavors,
we dedicate this volume of

Erskiniiana



T. H. WHITE

Erskine Calls

*The call is spoken, the silence broken,
Old Erskine needs us, we must awake;
Let the richer and stronger surpass no longer;
We'll rise and help her the world to shake.*

*Strive shoulder to shoulder; the day grows older,
The night is coming, we must not shirk;
The cause we're loving we must be serving,
Our mother calls for love and work.*

*Our mother needs us; with tears she leads us,
And bids us reach our hands to save,
She must not perish, the one we cherish,
While men are loyal, and men are brave.*

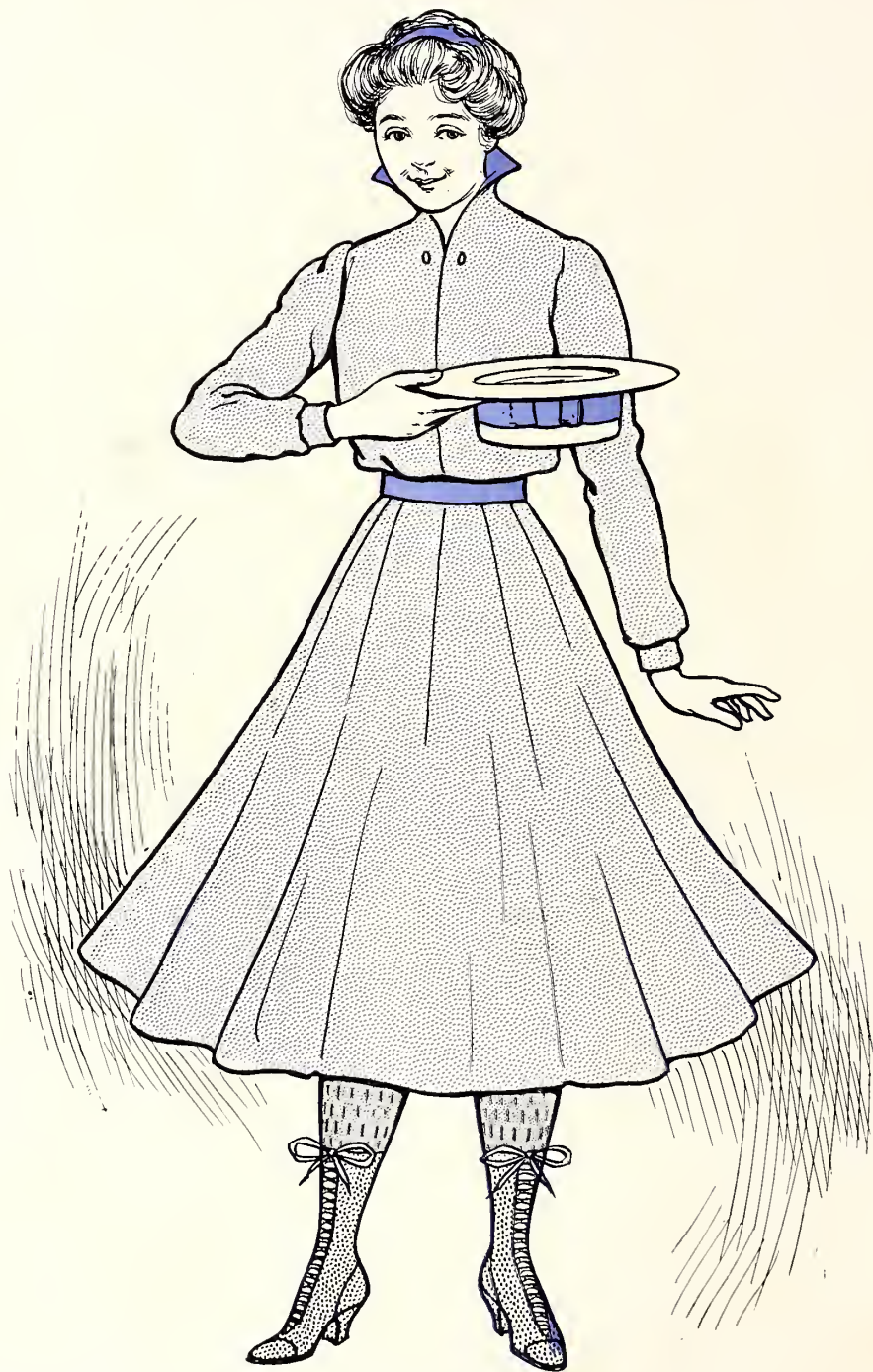
*The light is beaming; cease idle dreaming
Help lies in none but you and me.
Our great men lead us, with hope they speed us
To spread her name o'er land and sea.*

*Go read the pages of future ages—
Her sons among the best of earth—
If we the living our lives are giving
To bring the greater day to birth.*

*Her name we'll cherish, it shall not perish.
We'll give her love and gold in store.
The one who taught us we'll keep before us,
And love and serve her evermore.*

—M. M., '13





Foreword

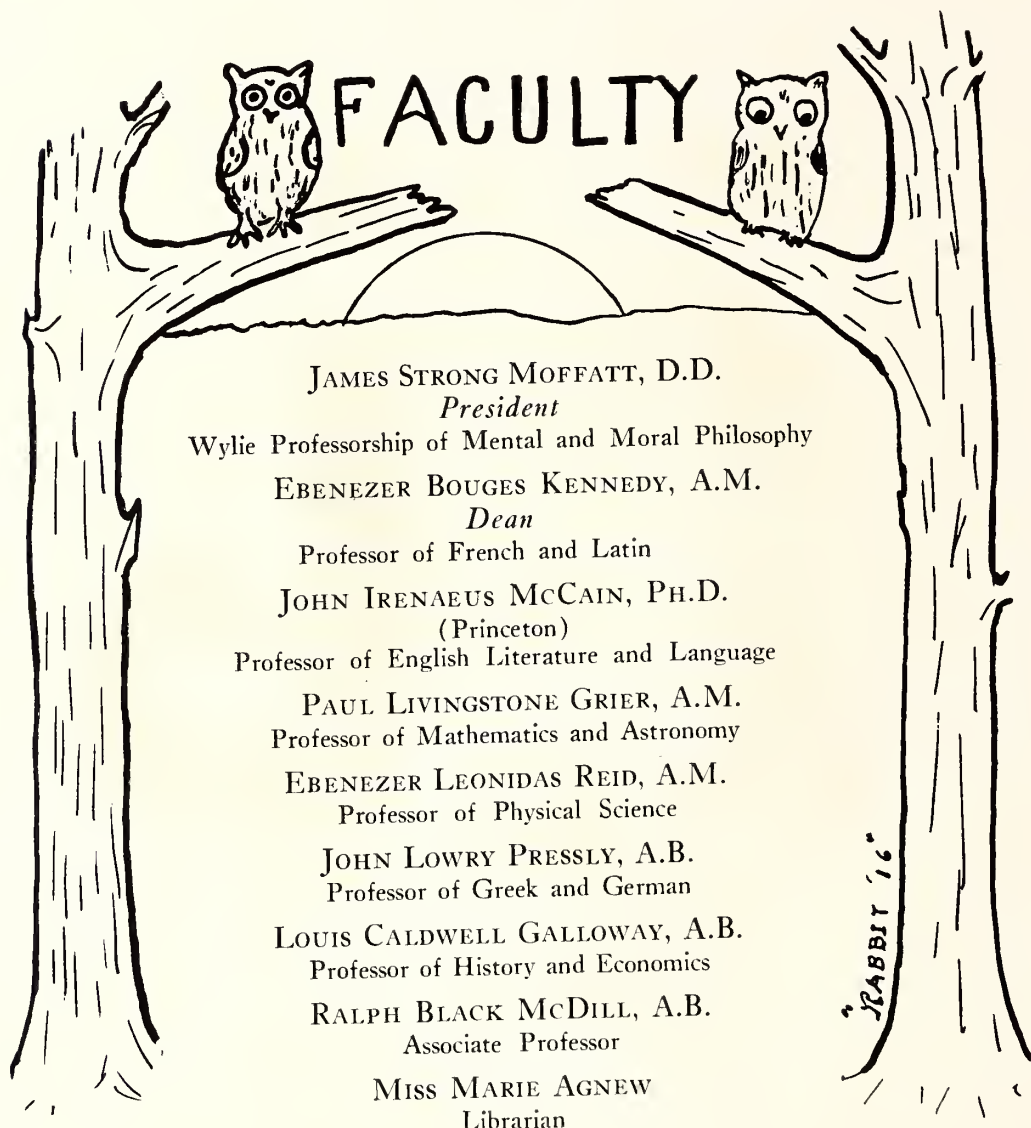


THE ERSKINIANA of 1916 is the sixth Annual gotten out by the students of Erskine College. While this number is very similar to the former issues, it has been the desire of the Staff to put out a book of the same nature as formerly issued. We have been somewhat handicapped by the smallness of our class, but we have endeavored to put out an Annual which will portray college life as it is in our midst. We have desired also to get out a book which will be a reminder of college days, recalling to our minds something of the nature and spirit of life in Erskine College long after our college days are over. This is of course our first attempt at editing an annual, so we ask our readers to overlook our faults though they may be many, and to try, if they may, to enter into the spirit of a college annual and see college life as we have attempted to represent it.



Erskiniana Staff

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Seniors

Senior Class

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COLORS: *Red and Black*

FLOWER: *Forget-Me-Not*

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L. A. BROWN	C. L. MCCAIN	C. E. MURPHY
R. C. BROWNLEE		B. S. PLAXCO
RAYMOND CALDWELL		W. W. WOLFF



JOSEPH RODERICK BEARD

"Roderick"

Philomathean

"He greets you with a smile, because, good manners and common sense dwell in harmony."

From the little city of Cornelius, N. C., Roderick came to join us in the fall of 1912. Since that time he has been a valuable man both to his class, and to Erskine. He enrolled with the Philomatheans early in his Freshman year and has always been loyal to her banners. She has honored him with many offices. He was Assistant Marshal at three Celebrations, and Chief Marshal for the 1915 Semi-Annual Celebration. He was President of the 1916 Semi-Annual Celebration and also served as President of the Society. In athletics, Roderick is not found wanting. He played on the class football team for two years, and was chosen on the "all star" team of 1914. He has played second base on the varsity for two years and is famous around the college diamonds of the State for his fast fielding and of fleetness of foot on bases. Owing to his Christian traits and high moral standing he was selected as a member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet of 1914-15, and in 1915 was elected president of the Association. Considered as one of the best business men of the class he was elected Assistant Business Manager of the *Erskinian* in his Junior year, and was to have been Business Manager of the Magazine his Senior year had it been published. Although his college duties have claimed most of his time, he has always found time to enjoy all the social life the village has been able to furnish. "Forbidden" has always proven to be popular with him, and he has always failed to see the sin in loafing.



ROBERT GLENN BELL

"Rabbit"

Euphemian

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call me chief."

On April 16, 1895, Atlanta, Georgia, claimed the honor of having a new citizen in the person of Robert Glenn Bell, whose first utterance was one of lament over being a Georgia Cracker. After finishing in the Boys' High School, this jolly good fellow joined the ranks of 1916 in its Sophomore year. He has taken an active part in all the varied activities of college life, being on the Y. M. C. A. cabinet for three years, serving the Euphemian Society as Treasurer and as President, and Art Editor of the ERSKINIANA. He has acquired considerable ability as an orator—winning the Mower Medal for declamation in his Sophomore year, and also representing Erskine in the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Contest at Spartanburg in 1915.

"Rabbit" is a singer of no mean ability, being a prominent member of the Glee Club, and his voice may always be heard among the serenaders at the Woman's College after the lights have ceased to glow. He has always been noted as a professional "bull artist," and this may account in part at least for his popularity with the ladies. Certain it is that he has already fallen a victim to Cupid's dart, but he still maintains a "friendly" interest in the fair sex.

"Rabbit" has also shown up well as an athlete, playing for three years on the basket-ball team, class football for two years, and substitute back on the varsity in '15.

Whether taken as a student, an orator, an athlete, a ladies' man or as an all-round college man, "Rabbit" has made a success, and we predict even greater success in whatever sphere of life he may be called.



JAMES NEEL BONNER

"Bish"

Euphemian

"To try is to succeed."

"To try is to succeed" is the motto of "Bish," and he has been keeping faithfully to it ever since he first tried to smile at the admiring throng that had assembled around his cradle back on the 28th of July, 1896. He has had that same smile on his face ever since but when he (makes) tries to make wickets on Forbidden and succeeds in getting an answer he tries to make that smile truly radiant. "Bish" is a product of the Due West High School and since he entered Erskine he has tried to uphold the honors of that school and has succeeded well in doing the same. He tried to be one of the best students in his class and has kept up a record as being an all-round college man. He joined the Euphemian Society soon after entering school and has served both college and society in many capacities. Here are some of the honors bestowed upon that versatile man: Freshman Declaimer Euphemian Semi-Annual Celebration '13; Secretary Euphemian Society, '14; Vice-President Euphemian Society, '15; President and Senior Orator Euphemian Society, '16; *Erskinian* Staff, '16; Editor-in-Chief *ERSKINIANA*, '16; Class Historian; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., '15; Treasurer of South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, '15. On account of his linguistic ability and his felicitous relations with the ladies "Bish" was appointed to toast the ladies of the Woman's College in our Junior-Senior Banquet. "Bish" has no mean athletic ability and has made the tennis team. At Davidson he defeated his opponent in singles and did his share in the defeat of the same aggregation in doubles. Where can you find a man with more to his credit than "Bish?"



LILY WINGO BROOKS

"Lily"

Calliopean

*"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires."*

Miss Brooks is the youngest member of the Senior Class, and the only girl, but she would scorn to make this her only claim to distinction.

Born in 1897, on January 26th, she started to school at Due West, where she made a model pupil, and has continued her academic career without interruption. She took a high stand in scholarship while at high school, and upon finishing there felt fully able to struggle for greater knowledge upon an equality with boys, and so came to Erskine, where she has continued to uphold her record as a good student.

In society she has had each year since she has been in college the most important part which could be given in her class in the annual celebration. She has also held most of the minor offices of the society, and after serving one term as President was prevailed upon to accept a second term. She is a loyal member of the Y. W. C. A., and has held the offices of Secretary and Vice-President.

We are all proud of the fact that Miss Lily has liked our company well enough to stay with us when all the other girls have deserted the class, and accordingly given her a place as one of the officers of the class, and elected her to the staff of ERSKINIANA, and to that of the deceased *Erskinian*.

We would not dare to predict whether Lily will be persuaded by some good man into matrimony, or will be a preacher and practicer of woman's rights. Time alone will tell, for she will not, but whatever she does will be done cheerfully, unassumingly and well.



LEON ATWOOD BROWN

"Trusty"

Euphemian

"My trust is in duty."

On April Fool's Day, in the year 1894, there came into this world at Troutmans, N. C., a tiny boy who soon came to be known as Leon Atwood Brown. In those early days he was called Leon. This same Leon finished the High School of Troutmans, but when he entered Erskine in 1912, Leon was no more; "Trusty" was his name for henceforth and forever. No more suitable nickname could have been found for this earnest hard-working student, who knows not what it is to shirk a task or "beat a class." Life with him is no April Fool; it is a stern reality. Though he has not attained honors in scholarship, yet he has for two years been voted the hardest working student in college. His Sophomore Essayist's Medal from the Euphemian Society attests to his work in society, and his place on the ERSKINIANA staff proves his literary worth. He also is the College Reporter to the State. In Y. M. C. A. work, "Trusty" has always taken an active part, serving on the cabinet for two years and representing Erskine at Blue Ridge Y. M. C. A. conference in 1914.

But "Trusty" is not perfect. He especially likes the hotel parlor on Saturday evenings, and occasionally he may be seen strolling down the street by the side of a fair young maiden. Then he spends entirely too much time over his books and too much time to himself. He has not had much of the fun of college life because he hasn't had time. But he has remained true to his nickname, and the firm measured tread of "Trusty's" feet may yet make real footprints on the sands of time.



ROBERT CALVIN BROWNLEE, JR.

"Bob" or "Bubber"

Philomathean

*"Fat, yet still tolerably handsome
Modest yet not bashful."*

At Due West, South Carolina, on January the 9th, 1897, is where and when he first saw the light. He has been dwelling in these parts ever since.

He came to Erskine from the Due West Graded School in the fall of 1912 and has been with the Class of '16 through all its thicks and thins. He has borne his part of all the honors and defeats. His work as a student has been above the average for he has stood along toward the top of the class during the four years of his course. He has been an earnest worker in the Y. M. C. A. He has served his society well both as a member and as President. The Glee Club claimed him as one of its members because of his musical ability. Although few of the college honors have fallen to him still he is always ready to help the man who has the honors. As Associate Editor of the *ERSKINIANA* he has rendered good service.

There is one thing that we can not understand about him and that is his unusual popularity with the fair sex. He has tried his luck several times at the Woman's College and has made a fair degree of success out of each attempt. It must be his fat cheeks and brown eyes that cause the ladies to love him so. All in all we feel sure that he will do honor to the class of '16.



RAYMOND CALDWELL

"Dad"

Philomathean

*"Clothed in the manly virtues,
Independence and good sense."*

Three states of the fair old Southland claim a prominent part in the life and history of "Dad." Born at Newells, N. C., May 25, 1892, he resided there until fifteen years of age. Deciding that the life of a Tarheel was not "one long, sweet dream of pleasure," he moved to his present home at Prosperity in the year 1907. He began his early search for knowledge in the schools of Newells and Prosperity. When he had become somewhat proficient in the studies of the Grammar School (no Chemistry is taught there) he went for a year to Berry School at Rome, Georgia. A diploma from this place landed him safely in Erskine as a member of the Class of 1916. During the four years that "Dad" has been with us, he has held the love and respect of the entire student body. Noted for his "pep" he is always present at every game on the athletic field, and has pulled more than one game out of the jaws of defeat by his yells, "Put more on 'em, big boy." "Dad" is as independent as the days are long, and this very fact has drawn him closer to the hearts of those with whom he has come in daily contact. One of the best debaters in college, the Philomathean Society, by his graduation, will lose a man whose place it will be hard to fill. As actions speak louder than words, so honors give best the true worth of the man. Freshman and Sophomore Declaimer in Celebration, Junior Debater in Celebration, Junior Contestant for Debating Trophy, Winner Junior Debater's Medal, Inter-Collegiate Debater, President Local Prohibition Association, State Secretary Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association, Chief Cheer Leader two years.



WILLIAM DAVID DICKEY
"Dickey"

Euphemian

"True to the highest ideals on the great highway of life."

To refresh the memory of past friends, and to direct the anticipations of future acquaintances, is contributed this brief synopsis of the four-year college career of William David Dickey, born June 30, 1894, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dickey, of Edgmoor, S. C.

The child of "Dickey's" tendencies in Edgmoor became the father of his conduct in Erskine. His knowledge of the value of friendship, his interest in the various forms of athletic activities, and his marked literary attainments contribute to make "Dickey" a good specimen of college manhood.

"Dickey" played class football and baseball and was among the four best tennis players in college. But how could you expect him to be a veritable all-round athlete, when he must give his time to things of higher concern? His business and literary duties required his attention. The former were displayed as Vice-President of the College Prohibition Club and Assistant Business Manager of the ERSKINIANA. "Dickey" won the medals in the Euphemian Literary Society for the best Freshman Declaimer and the best Junior Orator, and represented the society on all four of her Semi-Annual Celebrations—declaiming the first two years, and winning the debate in his Junior and Senior years. He was one of the two Euphemians who won the Darlington Debating Trophy in 1915. He was one of the two who represented Erskine against Davidson in the debate at Rock Hill in 1916. He was voted the best orator in college and is one of the leading participants in the S. C. I. O. A. contest.

Remember and strive for what affects you most.



WILLIAM CRAWFORD GRIER

"Sport"

Philomathean

*"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires."*

Willie, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Greer, received his preparatory training in the Shopton High School at Shopton, N. C. In the fall of 1912 he joined the class of '16, being the last of five brothers who have enlisted on the college roll. The class would have been incomplete if "Bill" had not entered at this time for in our four years association with him we have found him to be one who has stood by the class with that which we call real "pep." As soon as opportunity was offered he joined the Philomathean Society, and has been a loyal and faithful member. She has bestowed her honors on him from the positions as Monitor to that of President. Willie won the Sophomore Essayist Medal, and you will find at another place that he is distinguished as being the best writer in college. As a result of his skill with the pen he was elected as a member of the *ERSKINIANA* staff, and was also elected as Editor-in-Chief of the *Erskinian*. He has been a valuable man to the Y. M. C. A. He served as a member of the cabinet for two terms, and his high ideals and moral courage which is in keeping with his character was that which rendered him helpful to the association. He never fell a victim to the fairer sex until his junior year, when as a result of the Junior-Senior Banquet Cupid's charm made itself felt, and after the above date he was seen lugging from the post-office so many letters which had written on the back, "postage due, 3c." that we just had to name him "Sport."



BOYCE McLAUGHLIN GRIER

"Sunbeam"

Philomathean

*"Smiles, unselfishness and good nature
Make his life a song of joy."*

The sun must have been obscured by dark and overhanging clouds on the morning of August 9, 1894. On that day a new light appeared in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Grier, near the little town of Newells, N. C. This light radiated from the head of a little boy, who afterwards received the name of Boyce. Beginning his search for knowledge in the schools of Mint Hill "Sun" continued his progress through the fields of learning in Christ's School at Arden, N. C. From this place he received the diploma which landed him safely in Erskine without the terrors of an entrance examination. The only word that describes his career here in all phases of college life is "success." His smiling face and unbounded good nature has brought him the merited popularity of both faculty and students. As a loyal member of the Philomathean Society "Sun" has been most faithful in upholding the Star, the lofty emblem of his society. His honors prove his faithfulness. Secretary, Vice-President, President of the Philomathean Society, Sophomore Declaimer, Junior Debater, Senior Debater in the Celebrations of his society, Manager the Erskine Minstrels '15, Manager Football '15, Football Team '15, *Erskinian Staff*, *ERSKINIANA Staff*, Secretary and Treasurer Class '16.



DAVID ROSS KENNEDY

"Buck"

Euphemian

"But I have lived, and have not lived in vain."

David Ross Kennedy was born Sept. 17, 1895, to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kennedy, of Due West, S. C.

Graduating from the D. W. H. S. with honors, he chose Erskine for his future Alma Mater. The catalogue of honors below are evidence enough of his ability, influence, popularity, and sincere intentions. In his Freshman year he won the Mower Medal, offered to the best orator in college. His literary genius is shown in that he has held almost every office in his society, serving faithfully as Secretary and Treasurer, Vice-President and President. In his Junior year he was elected Assistant Marshal, and in his Senior year Chief Marshal for the celebration. He is the most promising representative in the S. C. I. O. A. contest and is taking an active interest in the I. P. A. contest. His wit and humor were made manifest at the Junior-Senior banquet, as Toastmaster.

"Buck" has always shown a great interest in athletics, and was elected President of the Athletic Association for 1916. "Buck" has not been a "regular" on the baseball team, but he has been a faithful "scrub" and if he strikes out four times, out of three times up you can know "that the wind is against him." But when it comes to tennis "Buck" is hard to beat. He was elected the second best player in college, and was one of Erskine's representatives this year, and in the end they were found in the finals.

Endowed with all the qualities of a good student, we predict for him a great success in future life.



CHARLES LEE MCCAIN

"Killough"

Euphemian

"Live high, and consider yourself capable of great things."

The classic little town of Due West lays claim to the production of this illustrious son of Erskine. Born on March 20th, 1896, "Killough" has spent the whole of his pilgrimage of one score years within the walls of this historic college town, graduating from the Due West High School in the year 1912.

Coming from a family of literary reputation, "Killough" has worthily upheld the reputation. He has had little affinity for the "campus course," but has put his mind and energies into the more solid things. As the position of Chief Marshal at commencement is awarded to the member of the Junior Class having the highest average, Charles was of course the recipient of this honor in his Junior year. In his Sophomore year he won the medal offered by the *Erskinian* for the best short story, and in his Senior year was a member both of the *Erskinian* and annual staff. He is a staunch Euphemian, and has served as her Vice-President one term.

Charles has also been active in Y. M. C. A. work, having been on the cabinet two years, being Vice-President in his Junior Year. In his Sophomore year he was a delegate to the volunteer convention in Kansas City.

While "Killough" will be missed in many of the phases of college life there will be no crepe seen on "Forbidden" to lament his departure, for he has shunned her snares, and soirees have been to him only hearsays.

Popular among the students for his cheerful and manly disposition, he is an honor to the class, and will make his mark in life.

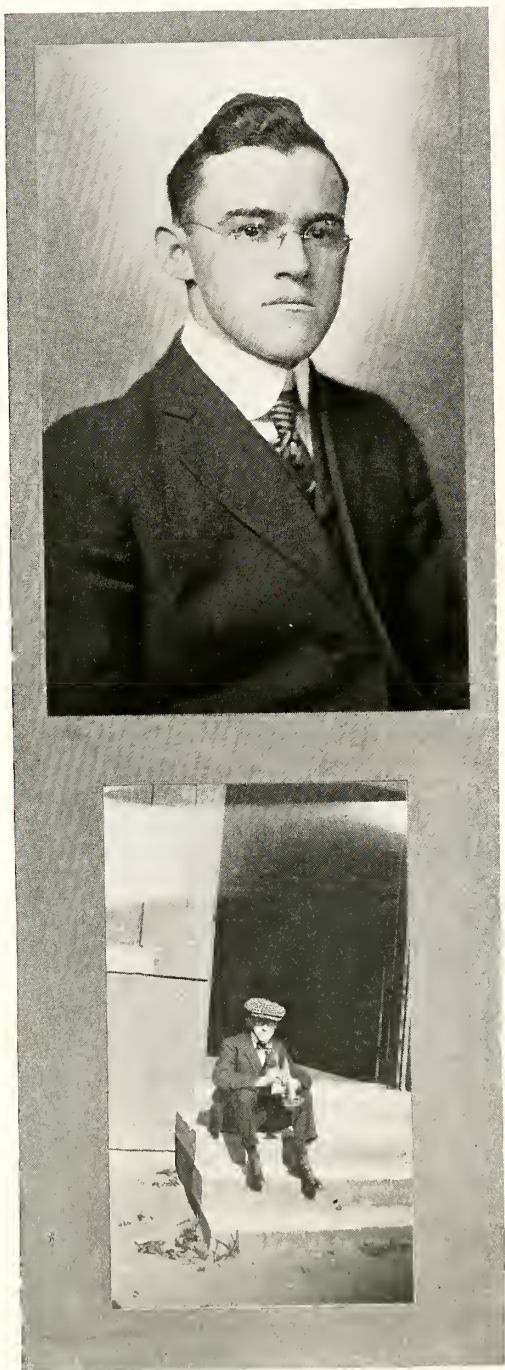


RUDOLPH BURROW MCCORMICK
"Betty"

Philomathean

"Criticise me if you will, I am what I am."

One of the twins born at Arlington, Tenn., August 18, 1894, happened to be "Betty." His parents early realized that he had in him the elements of greatness and so they educated him in the schools of his home town. Receiving his diploma from the High School of that place he entered Erskine with the present Senior Class. Since coming here "Betty" has led the typical happy-go-lucky life of the college student, making a lasting friend out of every one with whom he comes in contact. Unlike many, he succeeds in every line of endeavor. Always being willing to do his part, he has made himself one of the most popular men in college. Above everything he has "the old Erskine spirit." As a baseball player he is the terror of all the colleges of the state. In the Philomathean Society he is one of the most loyal members the society has on her roll. When "Betty" leaves Erskine a man will be missed who has been of inestimable value to the student body. He is five feet seven inches of manhood. His all-round ability has given him many college honors. He won the Freshmna Declaimer's Medal in the Philomathean Society, represented his society as Secretary, Vice-President, Marshal in two Celebrations, Senior Orator; President Class '15-'16, *Erskinian* Staff, Basket-Ball Team '15, Football Team '15, Baseball Team '14 and '15.



DAVID ALVIN MILLER

"D. A."

Philomathean

"Full well they laughed with counterfeit glee

At all his jokes, for many had he."

Cast down from the ethereal dwelling place of the fairies, because his laughter disturbed their quiet, David Alvin Miller landed at Micanopy, Fla., February 12, 1894. He received his primary education at the graded school of that town, but his people moved to Rock Hill where he prepared himself to enter Erskine with the rest of us in 1912. He joined the Philomathean Society during his Freshman year and has always been faithful in performing her duties. He has been a consistent worker in the class room and is considered a "snake" in foreign languages. He has always been an enthusiastic worker for the Y. M. C. A. and was elected Vice-President for the year 1914-1915. To attest for his popularity among his classmates he was elected Vice-President of the class his Senior year. "D. A." is always on the job with his cornet when any music is to be made whether it be on the athletic field, in the Glee Club or at the Y. M. C. A. He has an inexhaustible supply of jokes and the telling of these is his chief pastime. Love never crossed his mind until his Senior year, when a sweet little D. W. W. C. maiden pulled him into the "swim." He went in head over heels, and realizes now that he lost many of the happiest moments of college because he didn't have a "girl."



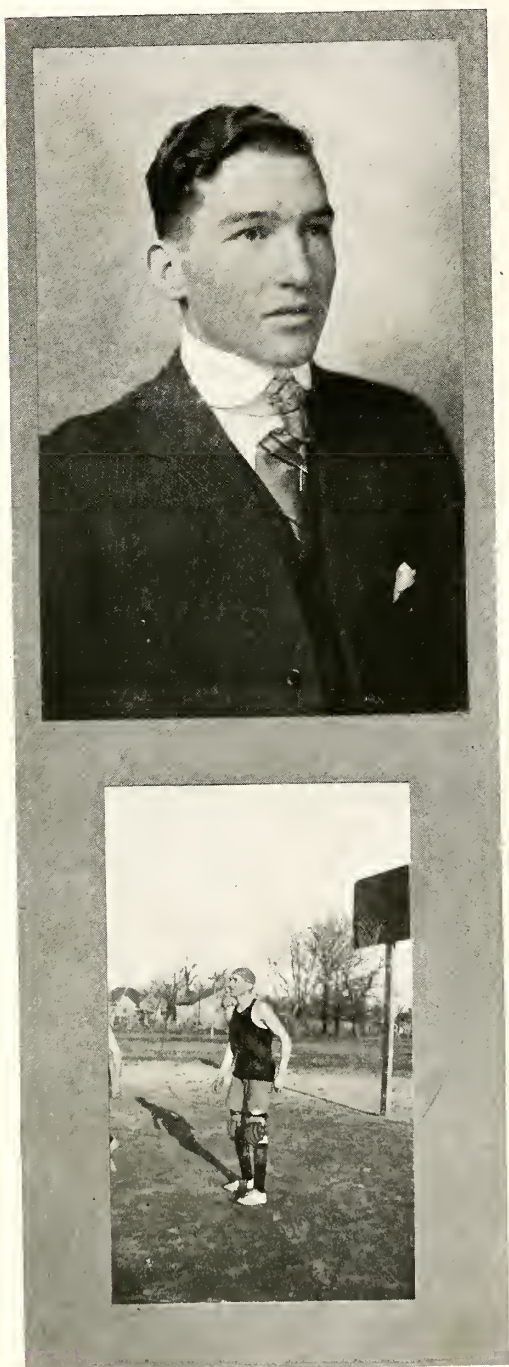
THOMAS RODDEY MILLER

"Boot"

Philomathean

"Business, good sense, humor all combined."

Born at Micanopy, Florida, in 1896. When only a child his eyes were turned towards the old Palmetto State. Moving to Rock Hill in the fall of 1908 and after receiving a diploma from the graded school of this town, he entered Erskine in the fall of 1912. It has been a pleasure for us all to know "Boot." His ability has won for him many important honors while in college. "Boot" is progressive, there is no phase of college life in which he is not interested; though he has never represented his college in any phase of athletics his heart is always with the teams. In the business and social circles of college life he is a wonder. His ability to mix with strangers won for him the honor of being elected our first class President in the fall of 1912. "Boot" is loyal to his society as manifested by the number of offices he has held: Secretary, Vice-President, and Treasurer. He also represented his society as Marshal in three Celebrations. His business ability has always been recognized. He was voted the best business man in college in '15-'16. Assistant Manager of Baseball '15. Manager of Baseball '16. Advertising Manager of the *ERSKINIANA*.



PAUL WRIGHT MILLER

"Ugly Duckling"

Philomathean

"Fair faces of beautiful ladies are dreams of happiness."

Paul pecked his way through the shell and gazed first upon the wide expanse of the duck pond in Eureka, Texas, on June 24th, 1897. Soon, however, the mother duck carried her brood to Little Rock, Arkansas, and it is from this mud puddle that the "Ugly Duckling" hailed when he lit in the bulrushes of Due West. He entered the Sophomore Class of Erskine in 1914 and since that time honors have fallen to his share like feathers falling from a wounded bird. Paul joined the Philomathean Society and was one of the debaters in the Semi-Annual of that society in his Senior year. In athletics Paul has been especially prominent. He played as a guard on the class football team for two years and made a grand center for the first varsity football team that represented Erskine. He has played center on the basket-ball team for two years and in his Senior year served as captain. Moreover this year he has thrown more goals than any other man and will be greatly missed next year. He has served as a member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet and was one of the readers in the Glee Club. When the class needed a soothsayer they elected Paul to fill this position. Paul is somewhat of a bear with the ladies and has had more ladies at one time and all through his college course than any other man in the class. Paul is a "Hail fellow, well met" and you can never enter his room without finding at least half a score of friends there. But somehow he manages to get up his lessons in the wee sma' hours of the night and is somewhat of a shark in the line of physics, chemistry, and geology.



CHARLEY EDWARD MURPHY

"Silent Pete"

Euphemian

"Silence is golden."

York County claims the birth, on October 14, 1894, of this wonderful piece of humanity, and well may she be proud for "Silent" is an all-round good fellow. After graduating from the High School at Edgmoor, he entered Erskine with the rest of us and soon began to make a name for himself in college circles. He is quiet and unassuming, blushing even to the roots of his short blonde hair, when answering a question on class, but somehow or other he always manages to answer the question, graduating with honor at commencement. We elected him Class President in our Sophomore year, early showing our regard for him. Then he was Editor-in-Chief of our Junior *Erskinian* and he has nobly served us this year as Business Manager of our Annual. He is also Treasurer of the Student Body. Then his society has also given him many merited honors, electing him President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and President and Chief Marshal at the Semi-Annual Celebrations. He has been a good worker and has served Euphemia well.

"Pete" has tried to play baseball. But he never could hit and has had to content himself as substitute for two years. He never gave up and his tireless "pep" has added much enthusiasm to the teams when they were discouraged.

Now, "Silent" has never been a sport. He always has two or three girls, but he doesn't waste his time over them and Forbidden has never been a popular place with him. He always has time, however, for a good, long walk with any of his friends and is always ready to match for something to eat. He is just an all-round good fellow, and a real college boy.



BOISE STEVENSON PLAXCO

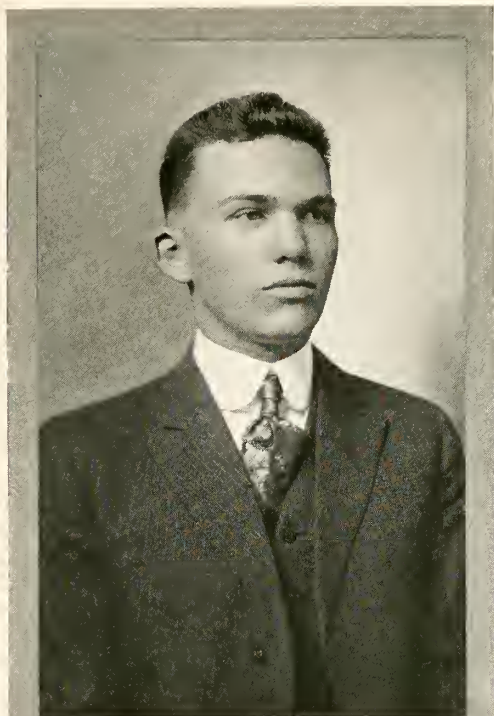
"Specks"

Euphemian

"Judge ye not the man by the initials thereof."

The home of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Plaxco was gladdened by the birth of their first son on the night of March 31st, 1894. The scene of this happy occurrence was laid in one of the most prosperous regions in the State of South Carolina, just about eight miles from the city of York on the National Highway. After several enjoyable and profitable years of preparation at Bethany High School it was decided by those in power that the best place in the State for the continued and more advanced preparation for life was Erskine College. During his Freshman year he pledged his loyal support to the Euphemian Society and has always been a valuable member. He served his society in the capacity of Secretary in his Sophomore year and Vice-President his Junior year.

For three years he was a member of the varsity in basket-ball and was voted the best player in college. In his Junior year he held the offices of Captain and Manager and was Manager again in his Senior year. Many were the nights that his deep bass voice in harmonious combinations with others cheered the hearts of the Wylie Home and W. C. girls. In appreciation of his ability in both musical and business lines he was elected manager of the Glee Club and made a great success of a seemingly hopeless task. So in him we find one of the best-liked fellows in college, for his fun and good nature has made many an hour pass quickly, while he has also helped many a fellow with his sound, good advice.



WILLIAM WARREN WOLFF

"Bill"

Euphemian

*"A form as perfect as the sculptor's
finest art,**But with a heart more perfect still."*

Another of Laurens County's sons who was afterwards to bring fame to his birthplace, was born in the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Wolff, at Barksdale, on October 23, 1894. The child grew in stature and wisdom and after receiving his primary education in the public schools of his county, entered Shiloh High School from which place he received his diploma in 1911. After spending part of the succeeding year in the College of Charleston he decided that there was no place like dear old Erskine. In the fall of 1912 he enlisted under the banner of maroon and old gold with the present Senior Class. From the outset "Bill" has been one of the most popular men in the class and in the student body. He joined the Euphemian Society his Freshman year and has since been of great value to his society in all phases of her work. On the baseball field "Bill" has won a reputation which is an honor to himself and to the college. Judge the man by the honors he has received. Sophomore Declaimer, Junior Debater, Senior Debater in the Euphemian Celebrations, Chief Marshal Commencement '15, Secretary, Vice-President and President of his Society, President of Class '14-'15, President Student Body, Manager Inter-Collegiate Debating, Football Team '15, Baseball Team '13-'14 and '15, selected as first All-State Pitcher '15.

The Quest of the Class of 1916

*We're searching for the Land of Faith,
Where men are brave and true,
Where friendly hearts are filled with trust,
And doubt-plants never grew.*

*We're searching for the Land of Faith
Where peace makes her abode,
And soon we'll find the road
That leads unto this land so bright.*

*We're searching for the Land of Hope,
Where hearts are ever kind,
Where all the folks are young and sweet,
And cares are left behind.*

*We're searching for the Land of Hope,
Where smiles are ever gay,
And soon shall find the way
That leads unto this land so fair.*

*We're searching for the Land of Love,
The land of heart's desire,
Where rule is made in righteousness
And not by force and fire.*

*We're searching for the Land of Love,
And we shall lose all doubt
When once we find the route
That leads unto this land so true.*

*We're searching for the Land of God,
We've sought it ages long,
The heav'nly realm of joyous rest,
Of peace, and love, and song.*

*We're searching for the Land of God,
And still through shadows grope
In faith and love and hope
Till we shall reach this better land.*

—C. H. N., '09

History of the Senior Class



SEPTEMBER, 1912, marked the advent of the Class of 1916 into these sacred realms of knowledge. We showed plenty of life and vigor even in our Freshman year, but we soon found that we were the smallest pebbles on the beach. T. R. Miller was our Class President for '12-'13.

Again in the autumn of 1913 we were back among our college friends. Murphy was elected Class President, while we all were on the Freshman Advisory Committee. We were somewhat elated over this our second year in college circles, for we had broken out of serfdom in the Freshman Class, and made our way into the bounds of "Sophdom." But the deeds of our Sophomore year are recorded in the *Erskiniana* of 1914. At the beginning of our Junior year we—but a smaller we—were back on the scenes of our former conflicts. We elected W. W. Wolff President of our Class, and as the brass and loudness of our Sophomore days had worn away, we endeavored to take our work more seriously, altho it need not be supposed that we devoted all of our time to thought and study. But our Junior days have also been reviewed in the last *Erskiniana*, so we pass on to the fall of 1915, when we came back to make our last stand with the cohorts of knowledge. In this our Senior year we elected R. B. McCormick as President, and whether thru his influence or not we shortly adopted the Honor System.

As we look back over the four years of our college sojourn, we find that the Class of 1916 has taken a very active part in the different phases of college activity. In the literary societies, in the Y. M. C. A., in the class room, on the athletic field, and in many minor undertakings, the banner of '16 has always been in evidence. We have some time had great barriers before us, but we were a "sticking" class and by persistent work we managed to overcome them.

We scarcely need to mention the athletic standard upheld by our Class during the four years of our college course for every one is familiar with the work of Wolff and Beard on the diamond, Grier and Miller P. W. on the gridiron, and Miller P. W., Bell and Plaxco on the basket-ball court.

We are soon to take up life out in the world of affairs. We realize that some times we have not improved our opportunities as we should have, but we are grateful to our Alma Mater for the lasting service which she has rendered us in fitting us for life. And may we not prove untrue and unfaithful to her and to her training, after the sound of the chapel bell has ceased to ring in our ears.

Class Prophecy



S Charles Murphy was strolling up and down the shaded walk around the San Francisco Areo Terminus, a look of happiness and satisfaction suffused his face. And no wonder, for who would not be content in his position? His Dirigiplane, "The National Eagle" had just flown on her maiden trip, Australia bound. And on top of this he had just received the word that another areo ship of his, The Obie, having left China less than three days ago, was now not far distant and would arrive in a few minutes. So he took his seat where he could obtain a favorable view of the arrival of the ship and watched the passengers as they would descend the long stair. A few moments later he was scanning the faces of those that were arriving. Among the numerous faces there was one which struck him as familiar and after a second thought Charles recognized Rudolph McCormick, an old school mate of his. He hurried to meet him and after a very warm greeting they hastened away. That night if you had been seated near one of the corner tables in the spacious dinning room of the Golden Gate Hotel, you would probably have heard the following conversation:

"Well, Betty, Old Man, what have you been doing with yourself the last twenty-five years? At least it seems that long since I have seen you."

"Pete, I have been having some time. You remember after I finished Johns Hopkins, I was given charge of the Bellevue Hospital in Los Angeles. Well, I stayed there a while, but was offered the position as head of the health department of the Republic of China. Of course I accepted and would be there yet, but I wanted to come back home and as I was offered a vacancy in Leland Stanford, I thought I would return and accept. However, enough of that. I want you to tell me everything that you know. How is the old class of '16?"

"That's right, you were not present at the big banquet Mr. and Mrs. Dickey gave to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of our graduation, were you? You sure did miss it, old man. You know that Dickey is one of the judges on the Supreme Court now. I tell you he was some lawyer and he sure did make good. When I received my invitation I accepted it immediately and as my vacation was already on I hiked out. There were fourteen of us there. Yourself, Miss Brooks, D. A. Miller and Bill Wolff were those not present."

"What was the matter that Bill couldn't come?"

"Bill was manager of the New York Giants this year and they were scheduled to play the Chicago Cubs the day of the banquet. That series

would practically decide the pennant winner and Bill wrote that although his team was in the lead, he was not going to take any chances on his team losing the series. D. A. had been elected a delegate from the Presbyterian Synod to the International Missionary Convention and would be in Paris at that time. We could not hear from Miss Brooks. She had married a few years after graduating an Atlanta millionaire, who afterwards moved out West. I suppose that she did not receive her invitation. However, the rest of us were there and enjoyed ourselves to the utmost. Buck Kennedy was again toast master of the occasion. Buck you know, made a big haul in real estate in South America, and is resting easy now. He always was a lucky fellow and has kale to burn. Old Sunbeam Grier led the cotillion that night. He has sure blazed his way into prominence. He was first elected Congressman from North Carolina and then Senator. He is just about party boss now. Specks Plaxco was looking just about as dignified as a judge and in fact he is one. He was elected solicitor from his county recently, and he is one of the most progressive men in the state."

"Say, what became of Killer McCain?"

"Killer? Why that old boy is the thing on the literary world now. His last book went like wild fire. He certainly amused us all by his interesting stories that night. And just while we are speaking about things let me tell you about Bell. You remember how we used to rag him about his drawing? Well, his collection was awarded the grand prize at the world's art exhibition at Berlin last winter. One of his pictures knocked down \$50,000 cold. Going some, isn't it Old Man? Roderick Beard, our old second baseman is president of the Beard National in Chicago. He started out with his father in the little home town but that soon got too small for him, so up he went and he is on top now. W. C. Sport Grier, his old roommate, invented the method of intensive farming which is being so extensively used all over the country. He, himself, owns half a dozen farms in the South now. He invited all of us to visit him next summer and, believe me, we all accepted."

"Say, tell me quick what old Bubber is doing."

"Doing? Why, Betty, he is the most famous composer of the age. He made old Wagner look like a counterfeit. At his last grand opera in New York, you had to get reserved seats a month in advance. He has played before all the royalty of Europe, and Bish Bonner, his big college pal, has certainly equalled him. You know Bish always had a way of getting along. Well, he started out in diplomatic work and is now the famous ambassador to England. He has placed the relations of the two countries on a better basis than has ever been known before. Trusty Brown

entered the Y. M. C. A. work soon after he left college and has risen in that line of work ever since. Year before last we went over to Europe and reorganized the same work over there."

"You have not mentioned Dad or Booty. What became of them?"

"Just wait a minute. I was just fixing to mention them. I suppose that you notice about Father in the papers. Dad, after studying law, got into politics and that is enough to tell you. He was the leading American in establishing the International Court of Arbitratment. You remember dear old Booty. You remember his plans for life, don't you? You remember how he was going to do this thing and that thing? Well, he certainly has accomplished them. He first went into the insurance business and raked in a pile in that line but soon he began to branch out. Now he is the biggest capitalist in the United States and is financing the reclaiming of the Sahara."

"Well, that is the bunch I believe. My, but is that not a class to be proud of? I sure wish that I could have been with you boys for I would like to have seen them all. But I will remember and go to see Sport next summer. May be all of us will be there then."

* * * * *

Having finished their dinner they got up and went out, a happy pair, buried in reminiscence of the past.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1916

State of South Carolina, Abbeville County, City of Due West, Erskine College:

We the Class of 1916, of the aforesaid state, county, city and college have after many trials, tribulations, joys and sorrows arrived at the dignified position of Seniority having quite successfully carried thru the bluff of making the faculty believe that we "know whereof we speak." Therefore, we declare ourselves to be of sound mind and this to be our last Will and Testament:

We bequeath to Mrs. Alice Brice a vote of love for having, next to our mothers, sacrificed most for our comfort and happiness.

To Dr. J. I. McCain we bequeath the merited position of being the most popular and best loved Professor in college.

To Prof. J. L. Pressly, our Professor of Greek and German, we will give a vote of thanks for the kindly interest he has taken in us and our work.

To J. R. Cashion we bequeath the absent-mindedness and appetite for "Apple Sun-Cured" now possessed by J. R. Beard.

To Miss Georgia Wardlaw we leave the Mary Garden powder, Hoyt's cologne, paint, puffs, curls, hobble skirts, and "success" in love affairs of Miss Lily Brooks.

To C. O. Williams we do hereby bequeath all the pistols, cards, dice, demijohns and poker chips of C. L. McCain.

To C. B. Boyd we will the cornet and vocal talent of D. A. Miller.

To Monte McDaniel we bequeath the mantle of C. E. Murphy for being the best all-round college man.

To Guest of the Freshman Class we bequeath the arts and wiles of the flirt so well practiced by W. D. Dickey.

To H. M. McCaulay we will the seat in the parlor of the Due West Hotel now occupied by L. A. Brown in order that he, too, may commune with the "Muse" of Love.

To W. E. Blakely we bequeath the deficient (?) eyesight of B. S. Plaxco in order that future examinations may hold no terror for him.

To Miss Jennie Moxley we will the beautiful red hair of B. M. Grier and to R. H. McDonald we bequeath his cherry laugh and good nature.

To S. H. Byrd we will the gracefulness and heart-crushing proclivities of W. C. Grier.

To R. N. Baird we bequeath the crochet needles and feminine characteristics of R. C. Brownlee.

To Z. M. Rea we bequeath the art of "horsing" the Faculty now much practiced by D. R. Kennedy.

To S. G. Brice we bequeath the all-round business ability of T. R. Miller.

To J. L. Pressly we will the ability of always talking and saying nothing now possessed in such an eminent degree by R. G. Bell.

To P. L. Grier, Jr., we bequeath the amazing vocabulary of "Sunday School words" of which P. W. Miller is the present master.

To D. M. Wardlaw we will the low, gentle voice and undying "pep" of Raymond Caldwell.

To M. G. Gault we bequeath the small stature and athletic record of R. B. McCormick.

To Dr. R. L. Robinson we bequeath a vote of thanks for the many social privileges he has so kindly given us this year.

To Forbidden we bequeath our absence.

To Gene, Clarence and Johnnie, our trio of kitchen domestics, we bequeath our appreciation for their untiring efforts to appease our appetites for beef and biscuits.

To Dr. R. H. Brice we bequeath all of our unpaid bills at the Drug Store.

To "Skinner" Agnew we bequeath a unanimous vote of thanks for always having his back turned when canned goods, bags of peanuts and candy have mysteriously disappeared from the shelves of Pressly Brothers' store.

To Due West we bequeath our gratitude for the many fond memories she has given us as food for the dreams of future years.

In the presence of honorable witnesses we set our hand to this our last Will and Testament, this 6th day of June, 1916 A. D.

SENIOR CLASS,

Per W. W. Wolff, Attorney.



CLASS PRESIDENTS

Senior Class Statistics

Name	Favorite Dish	Favorite Sport	Object in Coming to College	Aim in Life
BEARD	Apple Sun-cured	Baseball	To Play Baseball	To be a Banker
BELL	Rabbit	Singing	To Get a Wife	To Win a Name
BONNER	Cake	Teasing the Girls	To Have a Good Time	To be a Chemist
BROOKS	Pickle	Walking with "Killer"	To Catch a Man	To Make Some Man Happy
BROWN	Sugar	Loafing at the Hotel	To Acquire Knowledge	To be Successful
BROWNLEE	Beefsteak	To Walk with the Girls	To Have Something to do	To Help His Wife Keep House
CALDWELL	Cheese	"Rooting"	To Raise College Spirit	To be a Lawyer
DICKEY	Private Stock	To Flirt	To Make an Orator	To do as Little as Possible
W. C. GRIER	Pie	Going to the Wylie	To Speak in Chapel	To Look Sweet
B. M. GRIER	Sweet Cakes	Loafing "Forbidden"	To Laugh and Grow Fat	To Smile
KENNEDY	Boiled Custard	Playing Tennis	To Please His Father	To Help Due West Grow
McCAIN	Bananas	Selling Aluminum	To Uphold the Family Record	To See the World
McCORMICK	Cook's Imperial	Having a Good Time	To Make a Rise	To Get Rich
T. R. MILLER	Fruit	Smoking	To Get Par Value Out of College Life	To Write Insurance
D. A. MILLER	Big-ham	Going to Soirees	To Get an A.B. Degree	To Study for the Ministry
P. W. MILLER	Chicken	To make Fresh Work	To Make a Hit with Prof. John	To be a Surgeon
MURPHY	Candy	To be General Utility Man for Baseball	To Pass Away the Time	Not to be Worried
PLAXCO	Hershey's Chocolates	Basket-ball	To Read Greek	To Have His Fun
WOLFF	Potato Chips	Baseball	To Make All-State Pitcher	To be the World's Great Pitcher



Juniors



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

OFFICERS

H. W. ROBINSON	President
E. M. SHELTON	Vice-President
R. N. McCORMICK	Secretary and Treasurer
W. P. CARWILE	Historian
C. O. WILLIAMS	Poet

FLOWER: *Violet*

MOTTO: *To thine own self be true*

COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

MEMBERS

F. T. WHITE
McELWEE STROUP
R. H. McDONALD
R. S. GALLOWAY
CLARENCE STROUP

W. B. PRICE
H. W. ROBINSON
MISS MINNIE McKIE
C. O. WILLIAMS
P. G. WILSON
J. S. AGNEW

B. L. HAMILTON
FRED HAWTHORN
NEAL BAIRD
R. G. ELLIS
D. K. WELBORN

E. M. SHELTON
W. C. CARWILE
E. H. BRADLEY
D. K. MCGILL
N. D. OATES

R. N. McCORMICK
W. T. SIMPSON
W. A. WATT
J. L. PRESSLY
R. S. ELLIS

History of the Junior Class



IN the autumn of 1913, on September 15, to be exact, some forty-five nondescript pupils of various sizes could have been seen skulking by unfrequented paths from the Station to the Dormitory. From all quarters of the country they came, eager for new conquests in the new arena of college life. Having been duly examined by those of the higher classes they were next catechized by each member of the faculty. After this ordeal as many as were pronounced competent entered upon the life of full-fledged Freshmen. A goodly number having had experience in their own schools and being desirous of new laurels of literary fame at once joined the societies. Those who joined the first year numbered some twenty-five. Each society has been glad of the acquisition and those who joined have had no reason to regret doing so.

The mid-term examinations took their toll as is their wont and some discouraged at the painful experience gave up the task. A few deciding that the world offered finer opportunities to their talents than the Halls abandoned us for the various professions. Still there remained a considerable number after the June finals.

We came back as Sophomores more eager than ever to climb to the heights of scholastic excellence. For the long road to a diploma and freedom had been diminished by the length of one milestone. In the various branches of athletics we took an eager interest and many names on the several teams were by those who are now Juniors. While not winning the championship in either our Freshman or Sophomore years we made a creditable showing in every contest.

When we returned as Juniors in the fall of 1915 we found that the Co-eds had deserted us almost in a body. However, we bore up bravely under the calamity and consoled ourselves with a more extensive application to our books. This fall Inter-collegiate Football was given by the order of Synod to Erskine, while we were not represented on the team, we gave it our unqualified support. And now in the middle of the session may we but hope for a continuance of the good fortune that has so far attended our efforts and seek even a greater share in the activities of college life? May we not catch something of the meaning of four precious years spent in the preparation for greater duties than those of the class room and society hall?



Sophomores



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

MONTE McDANIEL	<i>President</i>
J. T. HENRY	<i>Vice-President</i>
MISS MABEL PRATT	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MISS MYRTLE BRADSHAW	<i>Historian</i>

MOTTO: *To live for our Class and our College*

FLOWER: *Daisy*

COLORS: *Gold and White*

MEMBERS

J. M. PLAXCO
O. F. RODDEY
C. W. KINARD
F. B. EDWARDS
C. S. TODD
J. R. EDWARDS, JR.
WALTER WATT
BRATTON SCOGGINS
W. L. MILLER

W. E. BLAKELY
SAMUEL BYRD
T. J. DARLINGTON
J. N. BOYCE
R. L. THOMPSON
T. F. BALLARD
ELMER WILSON
L. H. McDANIEL

T. J. GOLDSMITH
BLAKELY MCGILL
MISS MABEL PRATT
MISS EMMA WITHERSPOON
MISS LOIS McDONALD
MISS MYRTLE BRADSHAW
S. G. BRICE
MONTE McDANIEL
A. C. WHITESIDES

Sophomore Class History



THE present Sophomore Class was organized as a Freshman band in September, 1914. And a round, whole class it was that endured the measures meted by the ever gay Sophomores. Altho we were as green as the usual Freshman, the many sharp lessons and keen experiences have been able to mow a great deal of the verdant grass for us.

The class as a whole made a good record in their intellectual pursuits and other college interests. The athletic field claimed a large number of Freshmen for her Varsity. But with all the happy events of our first college year, still we were glad to matriculate at the opening session of 1915 as Sophomores and pledged that we would live up to the Soph. record in taming the new students.

Last year we were fortunate enough to gather the facts concerning our class from a page in a Professor's diary, but this same Professor has grown wiser and now carries the important little book in a securely buttoned pocket by day and sleeps with it under his pillow by night (if he has one). So the only information concerning our class that could be gathered from bravely stated resources, came thru a keyhole in the form of a discussion by the faculty. From it we found that we were holding our own pretty well except in number, which had decreased from thirty-eight of last year to twenty-six. New additions from our class have been made to the athletic field. Also it was discovered in organizing a glee club here, that there were a few vocalists among our number.

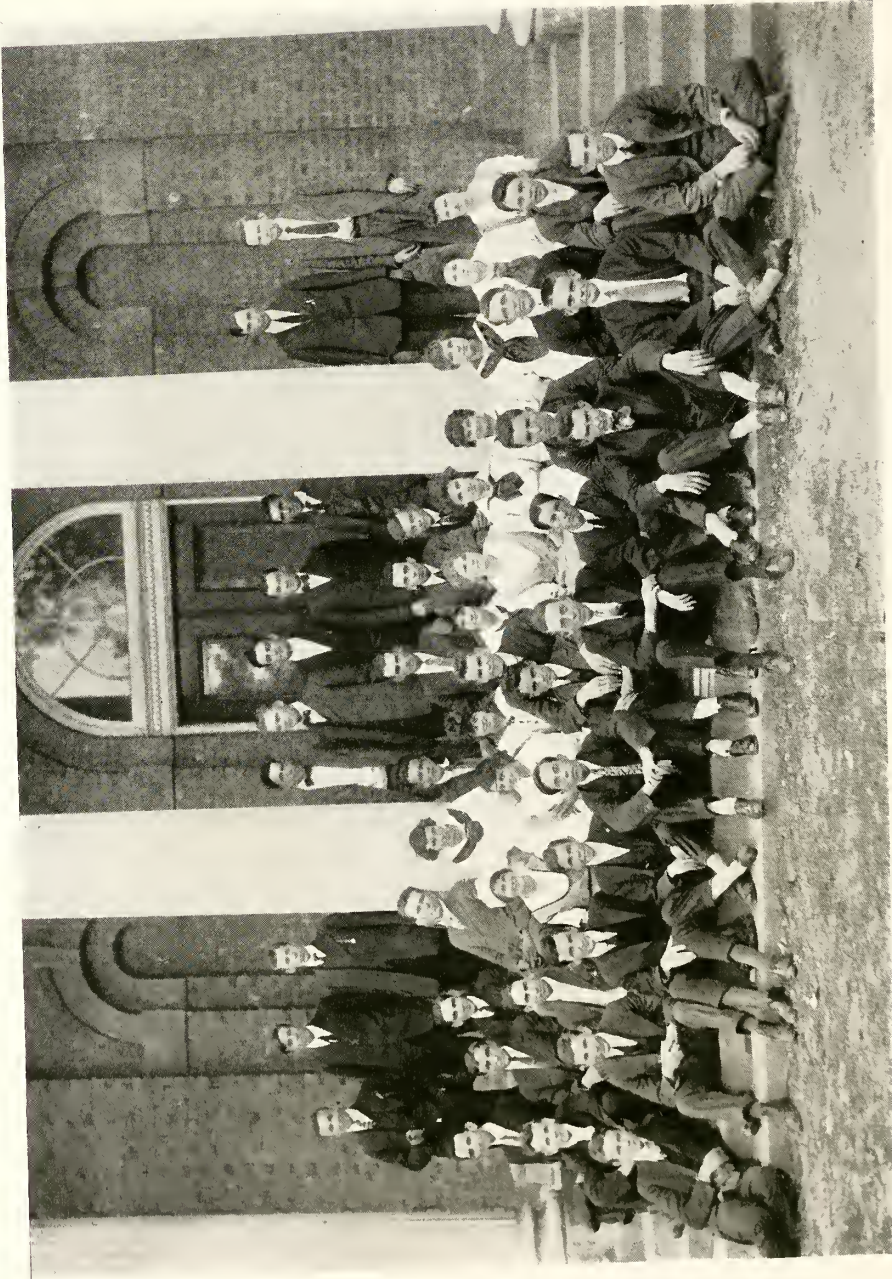
Sophomores do not generally prize their inheritance from the Freshman year very highly. However, there was one institution we were glad to carry with us. When a committee of the College Board met this year for the purpose of organizing the Honor System, it pointed to our class as the only one now in the college that had voluntarily adopted the Honor System.

A Sophomore history is not usually regarded as complete until about four-thirds of it has been used to discuss the "depredations of the Big Sophs," but to prove that we have not adhered to the destructive policy, I will state that the old garden fence which has been a temptation and trial to all preceding classes still stands on the end of the campus unharmed.

HISTORIAN, CLASS '18.



Genus *Hominus*
Species *Verdens Fresh*



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

J. R. CASHION	President
MISS RUTH McLANE	Vice-President
M. G. GAULT	Secretary and Treasurer
J. K. HOOD	Historian

MOTTO: "The flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share each dewdrop with another near."

MEMBERS

J. R. CASHION	W. L. HAIGLER	F. M. ROGERS
BOYCE BIGHAM	J. E. HOOD	D. L. RAMBO
JAMES BIGHAM	M. G. GAULT	M. FALLS
F. L. WOODRUFF	H. W. GLASS	D. WARDLAW
A. T. BALDWIN	THOS. McDONALD	ELIZABETH LATHAN
J. L. BROWNLEE, JR.	E. D. CRAIG	MYRTLE MARTIN
W. T. STEWART	J. F. CRAIG	RUTH KELLA
EDGAR BLANTON	G. MOFFATT	RUTH McLANE
MURPHY BELL	JOE LINDSAY	ELEANOR TODD
S. L. WALKUP	J. A. BAIRD	GEORGIA WARDLAW
WALTER GUEST	R. L. ROGERS	JENNIE MOXLEY
J. A. KENNEDY	H. M. MACAULAY	JULIA FINLEY
CHISHOLM HALLIDAY	S. L. RODMAN	LILY WITHERSPOON
ZEBULON REA	J. L. PURSLEY	MACIE KNOX
P. L. GRIER, JR.	R. M. KETCHIN	LOIS STEELE
A. J. PATRICK		E. FUNDERBUNK

History of Freshman Class



IN the beautiful day of September 15, 1915, about forty-five girls and boys departed from their homes to become students in that famous old institution of learning, Erskine College, situated at Due West, S. C. Although the farewells to their parents were somewhat tearful on both sides, it was bravely passed; at least for the present, but when we arrived in Donalds and changed from the train to the Due West Limited (in many respects), the gloom began to deepen and had there been a weather forecaster aboard undoubtedly he would have predicted "Early Showers." Conditions were not much improved by the joyous cries of "Lie low Fresh" from the ardent Sophomores.

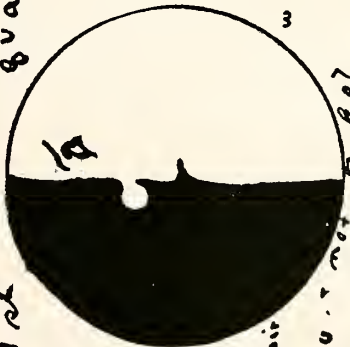
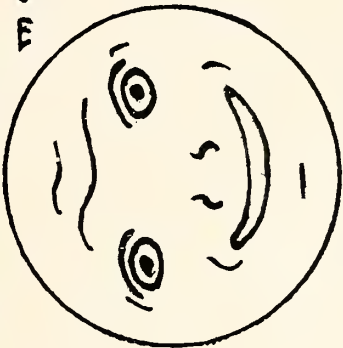
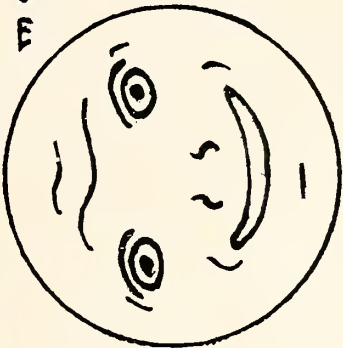



But soon we arrived at Due West, where the old men took us in charge and have proceeded to keep us so henceforth. As there was not much college work to be done the first week beyond the classifying, it was devoted to the entertainment of the Freshmen and right royally was it done (in the opinion of some). Notable among the entertainments was one at the D. W. W. C. and one given by the Y. M. C. A. Both were enjoyed very much.

But now all this has passed along with the dread of the first weeks of college life and we are now full-fledged Freshmen, having learned the art of "wicket making" and become accomplished loafers of "Forbidden." We have accepted the Honor System. We have met the terror of examinations and have passed successfully.

Also our class has shown up well in athletics, we having several varsity men in football, and there is plenty of promising material for the baseball team.

The honor of the class is being upheld at the "soirees" also, and according to the Woman's College, the most handsome boy in Erskine is a Freshman.

And taking it all in all the Freshman Class of 1915-'16 gives promise of becoming one of the best classes that has ever entered Erskine College.

Faculty Almanac		Class-room Weather	
1st	 <p>Pretty fair warm & not too hot.</p>	 <p>tall clear ever. is do. fine</p>	 <p>moon warm body ing</p>
3rd	 <p>weather rapidly. a slight of pores</p>	 <p>New Cold & wet. Snow & flunks 7 ft deep.</p>	 <p>moon blipped divided Rally</p>



The Ideal Woman

*"Whoe'er she be;
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart, and me."*

*The world is full of virtuous womankind,
And lovely women we may find in every clime.
But like the precious jewels which abound,
Yet being sought perchance may not be found,
So is the perfect woman. She is one
Not satisfied with self as self is now,
But one who works and strives with heart and hand
Towards the achievement of the noble hopes,
And high ideals with which she is endowed.
The treasured thoughts of finest humankind,
The stories of the paths they sought or shunned,
Are hers to understand, for she can read,
And having read can think.
She is not then insensible or cold
To the great world around her, for she loves
And makes her own all its developments
That aid the perfect woman; she delights
In these, but shuns frivolities and fads.
She always keeps abreast the times, and learns
The rudiments of business that she needs
Within the home of which she is the queen.
She hath such self-respect she doth not care
To be a pampered darling, but takes pride
In strength of body, and in strength of mind.
She should beauteous, but the smallest dower
Of womanly woman lies in beauty's power.
For beauty is a philtre, gathering in
A tragic harvest of these foolish men.*

—C. L. McCain



Our Co Eds







OUR Co-Eds



The Hoho Club

MOTTO: *Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow.*

CHIEF AIM IN LIFE: *To ramble all around.*

DIRECTION TO TRAVEL —————> *Due West.*

LOIS STEELE	“Steele”
LILY BROOKS	“Flumens”
ELIZABETH LATHAN	“Big Liz”
LILY WITHERSPOON	“Lil”
MINNIE MCKIE	“Snb”
JULIA FINLEY	“Sammy”
MYRTLE MARTIN	“Little Squirt”
MYRTLE BRADSHAW	“Big Squirt”
JENNIE MOXLEY	“Reddy”
EMMA WITHERSPOON	“Spoon”
MABEL PRATT	“Rat”
MACIE KNOX	“Bob”



Erskine Belles

PASS WORD: *"We're better looking than the picture"*

MOTTO: *"Ring on"*

WHERE OUR HEARTS LIE: *"In the back ground"*

FLOWER: *"Canterbury Bells"*

SONG: *"Blue Bells"*

RUTH McLANE
MINNIE McKIE
MYRTLE BRADSHAW

LOIS STEELE
EMMA WITHERSPOON
ELIZABETH LATHAN

JENNIE MOXLEY
MYRTLE MARTIN
JULIA FINLEY

*"Hear the bells, ding—a—ling—ling
They'll ring your heart like anything
They'll even make a wedding ring."*





Philomathean

Calliopean

Euphemian



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Philomathean Society Roll

J. R. BEARD	W. C. GRIER	T. R. MILLER
J. N. BOYCE	W. L. HAIGLER	Z. REA
C. M. BOYD	B. L. HAMILTON	F. M. ROGERS
S. G. BRICE	J. T. HENRY	R. L. ROGERS
R. C. BROWNLEE	J. K. HOOD, JR.	M. STROUP
J. L. BROWNLEE	H. M. McCAULAY	C. STROUP
R. CALDWELL	R. M. McCORMICK	W. T. STEWART
J. R. CASHION	R. B. McCORMICK	S. L. WALKUP
T. J. DARLINGTON	M. McDANIEL	D. K. WELLBORN
R. G. ELLIS	L. H. McDANIEL	C. O. WILLIAMS
R. S. ELLIS	D. A. MILLER	E. E. WILSON
B. M. GRIER	P. W. MILLER	F. L. WOODRUFF, JR.



PARTICIPANTS IN SEMI-ANNUAL CELEBRATION

The 35th Semi-Annual Celebration

OF THE

Philomathean Literary Society

ERSKINE AUDITORIUM

JANUARY 28TH, 8:00 P. M.

MUSIC

INVOCATION

President's Address—J. R. BEARD *North Carolina*

MUSIC

FRESHMAN DECLAMATIONS

J. R. CASHION—"The World's Cleaners" *North Carolina*

H. M. MACAULAY—"The Making of Americans" *North Carolina*

MUSIC

SOPHOMORE DECLAMATIONS

C. M. BOYD—"Our American Ideals" *Arkansas*

MONTE McDANIEL—"Leadership in the World's Crisis" *Tennessee*

MUSIC

DEBATE

QUERY: *Resolved*, That the Administration's Policy of Preparedness is Conducive to the Highest and Best Interests of the United States.

Affirmative—R. S. ELLIS, '17 *South Carolina*

Negative—B. L. HAMILTON, '17 *Tennessee*

MUSIC

Affirmative—B. M. GRIER, '16 *North Carolina*

Negative—P. W. MILLER, '16 *Arkansas*

MUSIC

SENIOR ORATION

R. B. McCORMICK—"A Plea For Small Colleges" *Tennessee*

MUSIC

RENDERING DECISION

MARSHALS—*Chief*, R. G. ELLIS, '17; *Assistants*, S. G. BRICE, '18; T. J. DARLINGTON, '18; J. T. HENRY, '18.



EXTERIOR OF PHILOMATHEAN HALL



INTERIOR OF PHILOMATHEAN HALL



Calliopean Society Roll

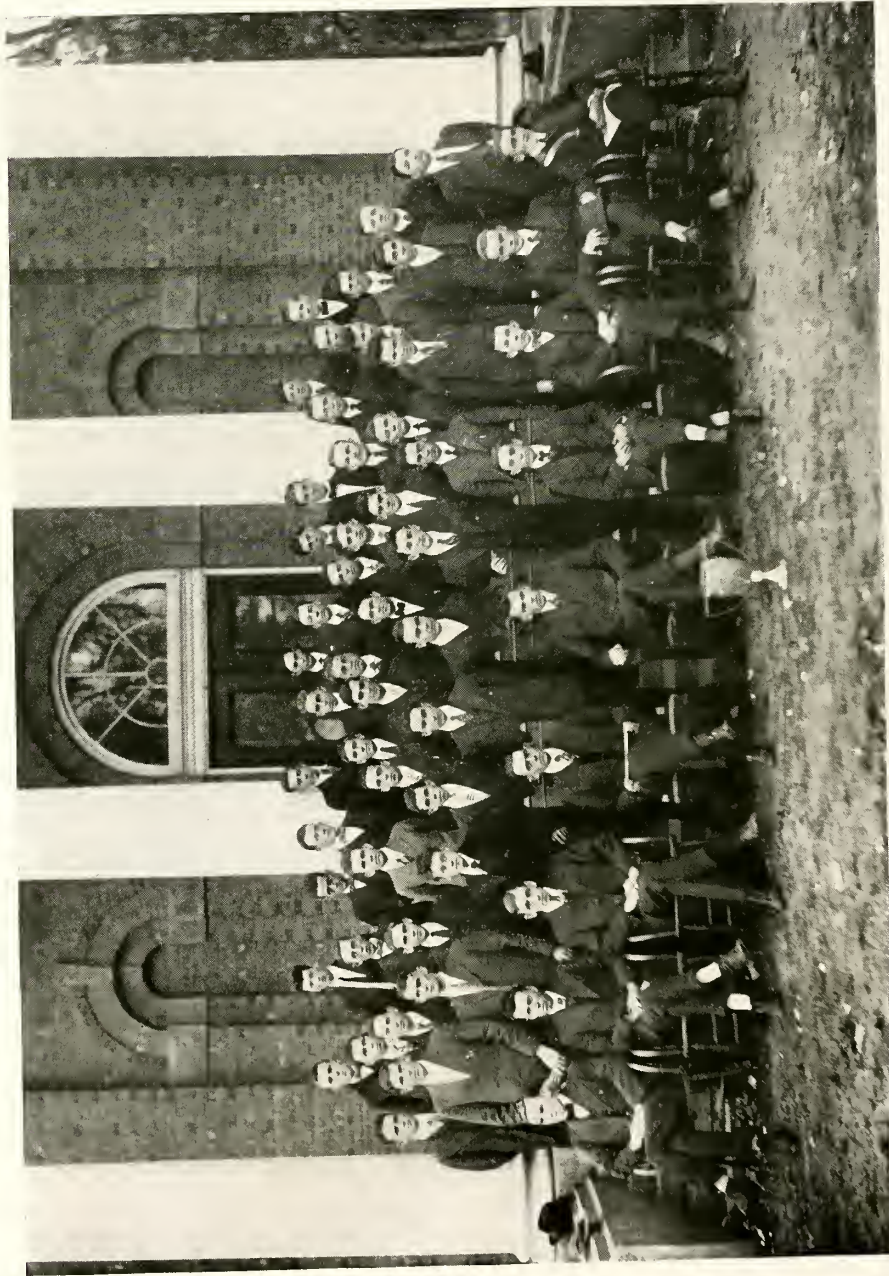
MOTTO: *"Through difficulties to the stars"*

COLORS: *Navy blue and white*

MYRTLE BRADSHAW
LILY BROOKS
MACIE KNOX

ELIZABETH LATHAN
LOIS McDONALD

MINNIE MCKIE
MABEL PRATT
EMMA WITHERSPOON



EUPHEMIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Euphemian Society Roll

J. S. AGNEW
 T. F. BALLARD
 J. A. BAIRD
 N. BAIRD
 M. A. BALDWIN
 R. G. BELL
 J. M. BIGHAM
 W. E. BLAKELY
 J. N. BONNER
 L. A. BROWN
 F. BROWN
 E. H. BRADLEY
 S. H. BYRD
 W. P. CARWILE
 E. D. CRAIG
 J. F. CRAIG
 W. O. DAVIS
 W. D. DICKEY
 J. R. EDWARDS

F. B. EDWARDS
 R. S. GALLOWAY, JR.
 M. G. GAULT
 H. W. GLASS
 T. G. GOLDSMITH
 P. L. GRIER, JR.
 W. C. HALLIDAY
 D. R. KENNEDY
 J. A. KENNEDY
 R. M. KETCHIN
 C. W. KINARD
 C. L. MCCAIN
 R. H. McDONALD
 T. K. McDONALD
 J. B. MCGILL
 D. K. MCGILL
 W. L. MILLER
 L. G. MOFFATT
 A. J. PATRICK

J. N. PLAXCO
 B. S. PLAXCO
 J. L. PRESSLY
 W. B. PRICE
 O. F. RODDEY
 S. L. RODMAN
 H. W. ROBINSON
 W. P. SCOGGINS
 E. M. SHELTON
 W. T. SIMPSON
 A. M. SIMPSON
 C. E. TODD
 R. L. THOMPSON
 W. A. WATT
 J. W. WATT
 F. T. WHITE
 A. K. WHITESIDES
 P. G. WILSON
 W. W. WOLFF



PARTICIPANTS IN SEMI-ANNUAL CELEBRATION

37th Semi-Annual Celebration

OF THE

Euphemian Literary Society

ERSKINE AUDITORIUM

FEBRUARY 11TH, 8 O'CLOCK

MUSIC

INVOCATION

Welcome Address—C. E. MURPHY *South Carolina*

MUSIC

FRESHMAN DECLAIMERS

M. G. GAULT—"A Murderer's Confession" *South Carolina*

P. L. GRIER, JR.—"Equipment for Service" *South Carolina*

MUSIC

SOPHOMORE DECLAIMERS

F. B. EDWARDS—"Nations and Humanity" *Tennessee*

J. M. PLAXCO—"America's Uncrowned Queen" *Tennessee*

MUSIC

DEBATE

QUERY: *Resolved*, That an International Court Should Exist to Enforce the Obligations of Right and Justice of Nations, from the Decisions of Which There Can Be No Appeal.

Affirmative

Negative

W. D. DICKEY, '16 . *South Carolina* W. W. WOLFF, '16 . *South Carolina*

MUSIC

R. H. McDONALD, '17 . *South Carolina* W. C. CARWILE, '17 . *South Carolina*

MUSIC

SENIOR ORATION

J. N. BONNER—"The American Spirit As Our National Safeguard" . *South Carolina*

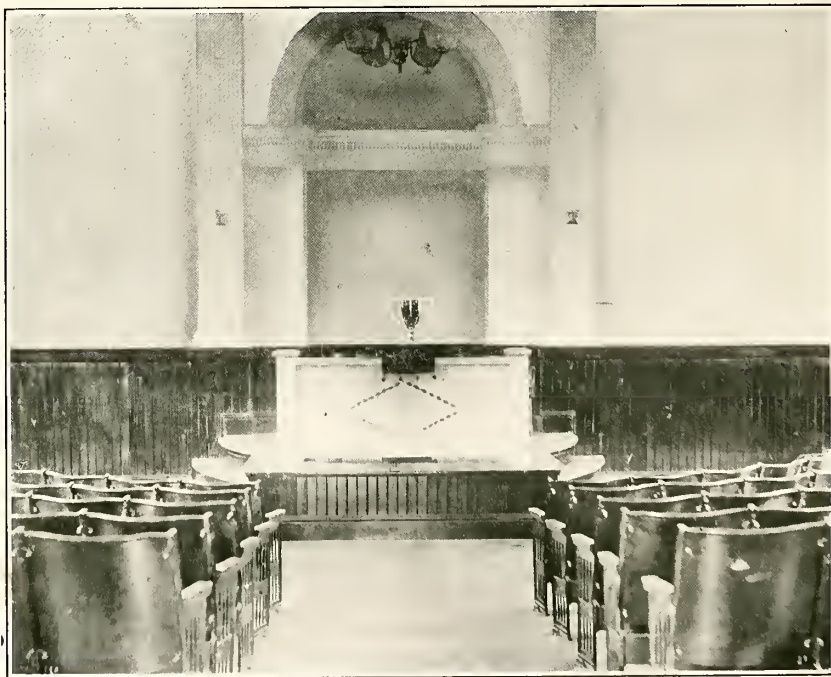
MUSIC

RENDERING DECISION

MARSHALS—*Chief*, D. R. KENNEDY, '16; *Assistants*, J. R. EDWARDS, JR., '17;
R. S. GALLOWAY, JR., '17; O. F. RODDEY, '18.



EXTERIOR OF EUPHEMIAN HALL



INTERIOR OF EUPHEMIAN HALL



Euphemian Winners

W. D. DICKEY, S. C.

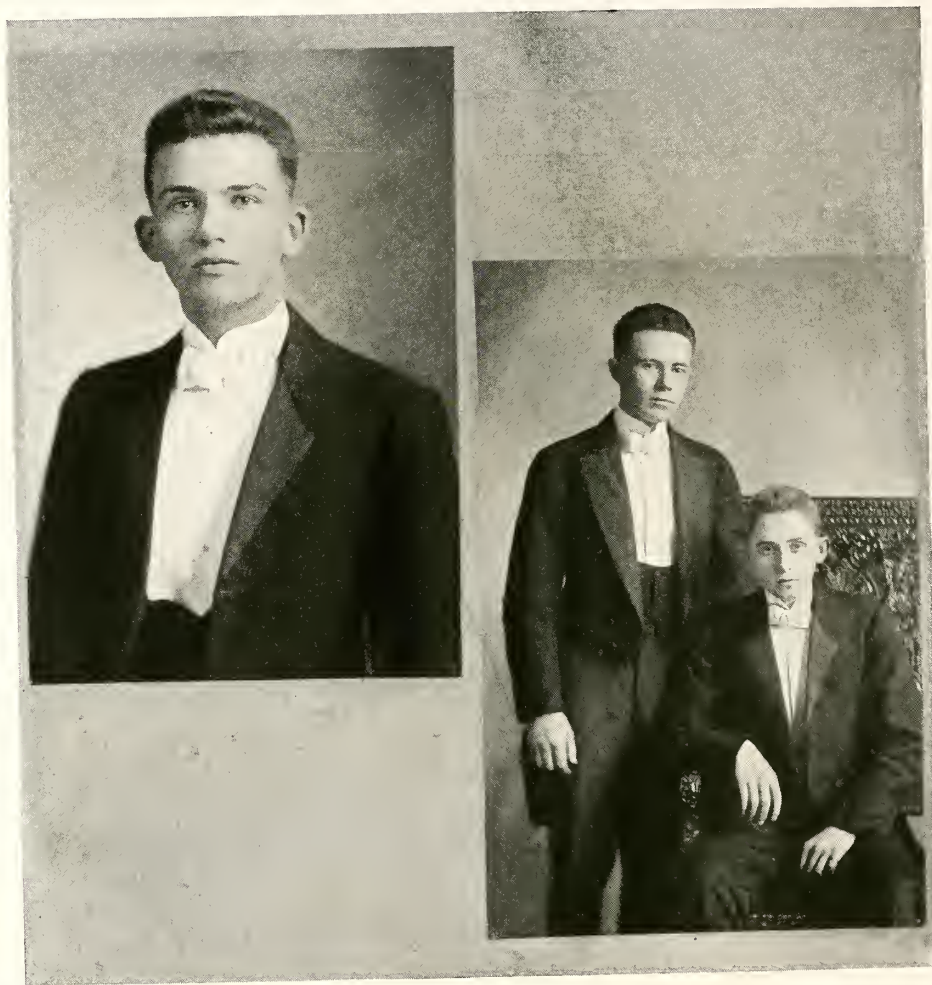
C. T. STEWART, S. C.

Winners of the Darlington Debating Trophy, Commencement 1915.

Affirmative.

QUERY: Resolved; that in the interest of humanity the United States should intervene in Mexico.

This Debating Trophy was given by Hon. J. J. Darlington of Washington, D. C., and is contested for each Commencement by the two Literary Societies of Erskine College.



Inter-Collegiate Debating Team

W. D. DICKEY

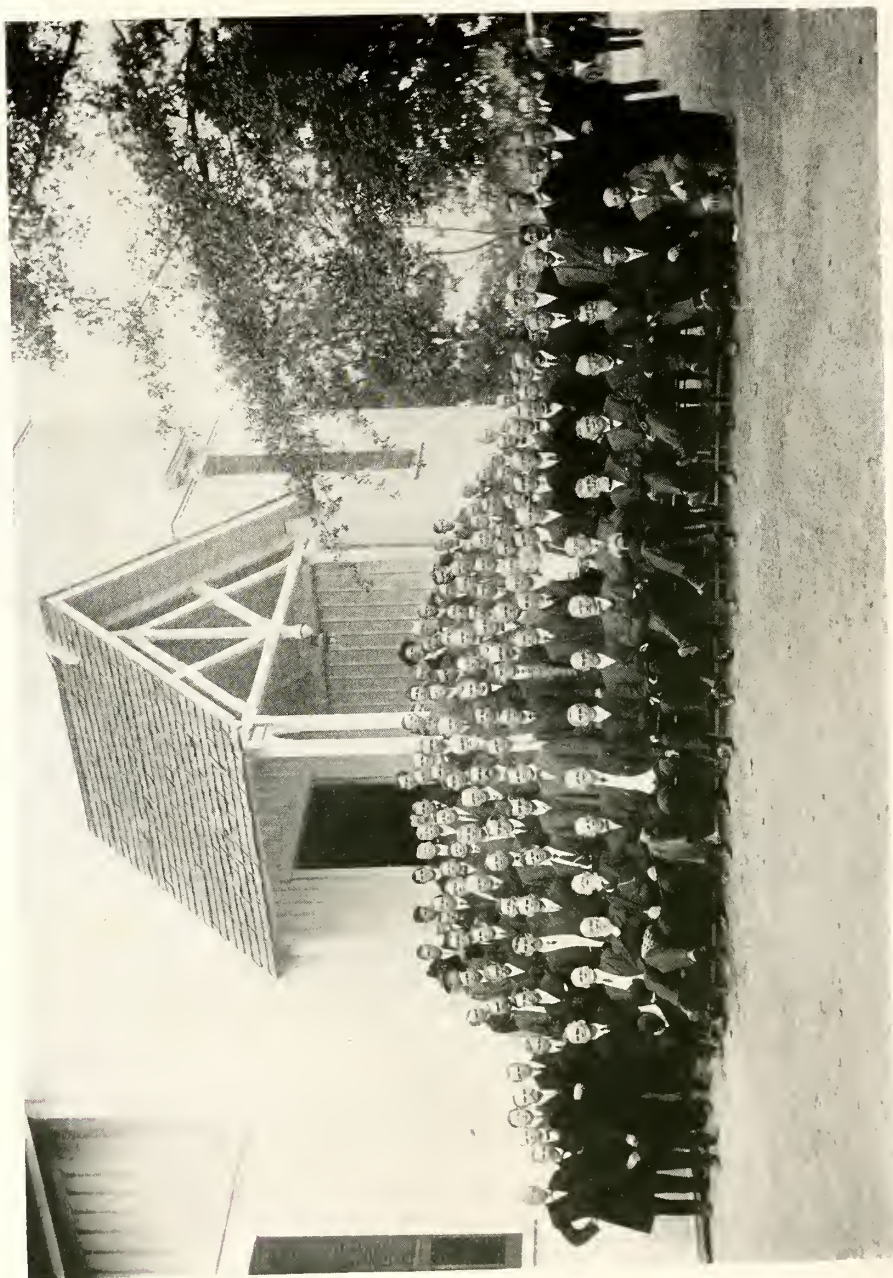
RAYMOND CALDWELL

W. W. WOLFF, Manager.

Debate to be held with Davidson College, Winthrop Auditorium, Rock Hill, S. C., April 7th, 1916.

QUERY: Resolved, That the Ship-Purchase Bill, as presented by Mr. Alexander before the House of Representatives, January 31, 1916, should be passed by Congress.





A. R. P. SYNOD, DUE WEST, S. C., 1915.



U. M. C. A.

OFFICERS

J. R. BEARD	President
C. L. MCCAIN	Vice-President
C. O. WILLIAMS	Secretary
J. N. BONNER	Treasurer

CABINET MEMBERS

W. C. GRIER, Devotional	J. R. CASHION
J. H. SNELL, Mission Study	C. D. HADDON
D. A. MILLER, Bible Study	W. L. MILLER
L. A. BROWN, Finance	W. T. SIMPSON
F. T. WHITE, Conference	R. C. BROWNLEE
R. G. BELL, Music	M. McDANIEL
B. M. GRIER, Membership	E. B. SINCLARE

April Fantasy

*Faint fancies on the wings of night glide down,
 Fair dreams that whisper sweetly, Dear, of you;
 One moment seem the gates of despair near,
 The next, a glimpse of Paradise—for two;
 A breath of joy—your voice—soft cadenced calls,
 While I, a sojourner lost in love's wide wilderness,
 Push proudly on and care not what befalls,
 If at the goal awaits my darling's sweet caress.*

—C. H. N., '09

Demonstrate

(APOLOGIES TO THE SALESMAN'S BULLETIN)

*A was the maid of winning charm,
 B was the strong encircling arm.
 How many times is A in B?
 He asked her 'calculatively.
 The maid replied with air sedate,
 'Tis not quite clear, please demonstrate.*

Endowment for Erskine College



WHEN Erskine College had been in operation a few years it became evident to its friends that an endowment was necessary for the proper maintenance of the institution. So in 1853 it was decided to raise an endowment of \$100,000 by the plan of selling scholarships. The scheme was vigorously prosecuted. In the catalogue of 1860 we find the following statements respecting the endowment: "The times were unpropitious in '53 and '54. Money was scarce and the crops were not abundant. But by making liberal offers in the way of tuition, more than \$50,000 was raised toward the endowment of the college. This in connection with funds previously received from Capt. Blair and others; and more recently from Christopher Strong, Esq., of Tennessee, and Col. William Wright of Yorkville, makes an endowment of about \$70,000."

The next year the civil war broke out in devastating fury and all the endowment just accumulated, save about \$15,000, was swept away.

A second attempt to raise an endowment of \$100,000 was made in 1873. The same plan was adopted as before, the sale of scholarships. But some friends gave liberally apart from the plan. Mrs. Ann Wallace donated about \$15,000. Dr. Hearst left a bequest of \$11,000. Later, Robert N. Hemphill and Joseph Wylie were liberal contributors to the funds of the college.

The second effort resulted in putting the endowment to approximately \$80,000. For some years there has been a growing conviction that a larger endowment was essential in order that the college might do its best work.

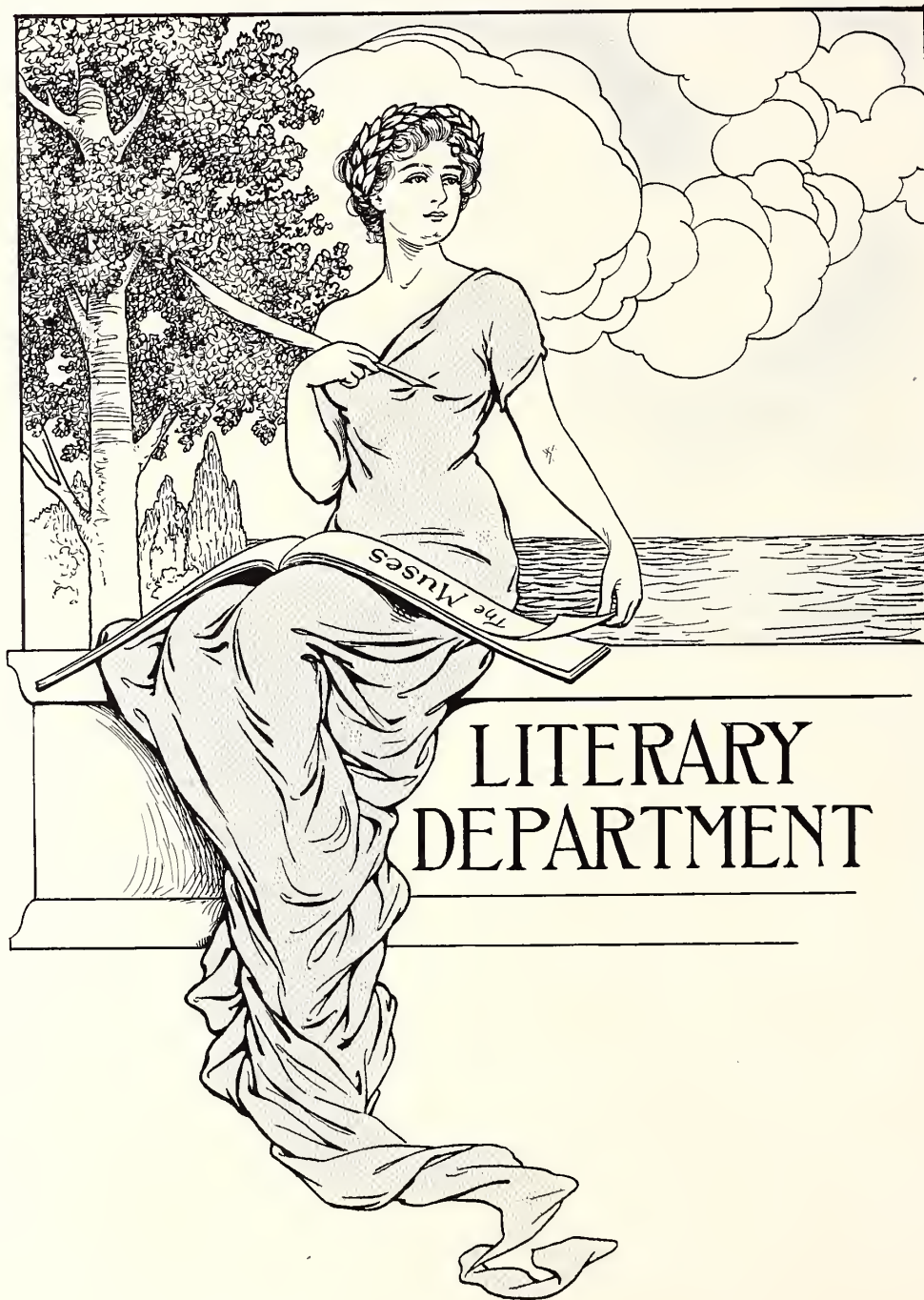
At the meeting of Synod held in Due West in 1915, this conviction found expression in definite action to begin at once the raising of \$100,000 additional. In the light of former experience it did not seem wise to the committee in charge to adopt the old scholarship plans. The idea of the committee was and is, to furnish a plan whereby every one may have the opportunity to aid the college to the extent of his or her ability. Cash will be solicited from those able to contribute in this way and who prefer to do so. Those whose income will not permit large cash payments at one time may give notes payable in one, two, three, four, and five years. Those who prefer to pay in smaller amounts may take stock in a Building and Loan Association and assign same to the college. Tuition certificates will

be sold redeemable in fifteen years. The funds derived from this source will not go directly to the endowment funds. By this same scheme we hope to have something to please everybody.

The Associated Reformed Church has always stood by the college. With less than 4,000 members it placed an endowment of \$70,000 upon the college. With 5,500, and these impoverished by war, it raised near \$80,000 for Erskine College. With 15,000 members to say nothing of many loyal Alumni prominent and well to do, and with prosperous times, may we not expect the church to surpass all previous records in its efforts in behalf of the college? And who believes we will be disappointed?







A Voice of God

*When spring with glory crowns the earth,
And sorrow seems displaced by mirth,
When gently shines the sun so bright,
And gives the world its purest light,
I listen, for I hear a voice,
'Tis one that makes my soul rejoice.
He speaks Whose words are all divine,
"This voice thou hear'st in spring is mine."*

*He speaks to flowers, pure and fair,
Whose beauty seems to banish care,
To trees that move in waves of green,
To little blossoms sweet between,
To happy birds; all tell His love
For beauty here as ev'n above.
'Tis He whose praises angels sing
That sounds this voice in early spring.*

*Bespeak not these, so pure and bright,
His love, as do the storms his might?
As I behold this scene, in praise
To God, my thoughts their accents raise.
And surely this to earth is giv'n,
A fair reflected day of heav'n.
Let all who tread His earth so broad
Now pause to hear the voice of God.*

—DAVID ALVIN MILLER

Two and Two



T WAS Maytime, and everywhere the brown earth of winter was now becoming carpeted with soft green grass. The big, white columned house on North Tryon looked very beautiful with the first roses, and spring flowers. In the early afternoon Lois loitered slowly up the walk, stopped near the steps, and softly lifted the thick violet leaves aside with the toe of her shoe, stooped to smell a tuberose, and finally cast a dreamy look far down Left Avenue. She guessed from the vari-colored sunshades in the umbrella stand that her mother must be entertaining, so she entered around at the side door. Her books were laid aside and she approached the bed on which lay in fluffy folds something white. Her dreamy look disappeared and her dark eyes danced in glee as she unfolded her graduation dress. For a moment she gathered it up in her arms, fondly embracing it, and the next moment was slipping it on over everything. She approached the stately mirror—and what a wonderful picture! The dainty lace frills brought out all the pretty expressions of her pink dimpled face, and the lines of her girlish figure. She thought of that moment when she would stand forth in her loveliness to receive her diploma, only a few hours distant. Just then the dreamy reflection shadowed her face again and she spoke in audible tones, “I must see why Hilda was not in school to-day.”

In a few minutes she had gone several blocks away down Left Avenue, and stood tapping at the door of an old brown house. Hilda greeted her, and they found a seat under the rose arbor by the garden. “Oh, why were you not in school to-day, Hilda? We missed you so much, and your seat was the only one vacant at the rehearsal. And this the last day.”

Hilda tried very hard to be cheerful, and replied, “Father was not very well to-day, so I stayed with him.”

“Well, you are coming early to-night, aren’t you? We are going to plan lots of things, and I’ll tell you about them later. But listen, you should see my dress. It is simply a dream and just arrived before I left home. What kind is yours?”

At the mention of the dress Hilda’s big blue eyes filled with tears and her heart was almost breaking. She slipped her tiny white hand into the warm brown fingers of her companion and remained silent.

“Why, my dear, I hope you are not disappointed in yours. I know it must be beautiful,” were the earnest words of Lois.

Sobs came with the tears now, and she said, “No, no, it is not beautiful; it is not at all. I haven’t one. Papa was not able to get me one,

and that is the reason I didn't go to-day. I knew I couldn't go to-night and it would have broken my heart to have been there to-day."

Lois found a tear in her own eye, and tried in every way to comfort her classmate. "You can wear the little white dress you had last summer, and it will be perfectly all right."

"Oh, no, Mother and I made baby Ben a little dress out of it long ago. He needed it so badly."

"But Hilda, you are coming if you have the dress you have on now. Do you not know you are the honor graduate?"

"I can't disgrace my class by going without a decent dress," cried Hilda.

For a while neither spoke. Lois listened to the throbbing heart that seemed beyond all human power to soothe and wondered what could be done. At last a thought came. She hastily arose, and said, "Hilda, dear, do not cry any more, for I have an excellent plan. A dress will be here for you at six. That will be early enough, and then I will come by for you." At this she kissed Hilda's soft brown curls, and was away.

This time Lois ran quickly up the walk to the white mansion. Once in her room, she began heaping all accessible chairs with articles from her trunk. At last she held up a little plain white organdie dress which she had never cared to wear. "It will do," she said. She laid it aside and left the room, soon returning with the dainty frills of lace on her arm. "She will be a perfectly real angel in this with the little slippers," whispered Lois as she placed them in a box. Then in the kitchen she gave Jenkins orders to take the package to Hilda down to the brown house.

At dinner, soon after the package was sent, Lois seemed very happy. Mrs. Rowe then spoke, "Does my little girl like her dress?"

"Oh, yes, mother, it is a dream of loveliness. I took it to my room some time ago."

"Run and bring it so your father can see it."

Then Lois grew still, and a tear almost came in her eye.

"Why you are not crying are you, little girl?" spoke her father. "I thought you wanted to graduate."

She then told the story of why the dress had gone away, and begged them to allow Hilda to wear it.

Dr. Rowe spoke rather harshly at first. "Lois, you should let her buy her own dresses. It was her father who was arrested for being drunk yesterday, and I suppose he spent his money to keep from being placed in jail. You should have consulted your mother. I don't like for you to go with her anyway, for she doesn't belong in your class."

"But listen Papa," she pleaded, "She is even better than I am, even if her father is bad. She led our class in scholarship and is such a good girl. Now, just think of her taking the only white dress she had to make something for her little brother Ben to wear. Why I would not be one bit happy tonight if Hilda could not be there, too."

Mrs. Rowe was too much shocked at this strange proceeding to say much, and Dr. Rowe reflected for a while as Lois quietly cried. The doctor very likely thought of the bitterness of some of the homes where his early practice had called him. Speaking at last, "Well, my dear little girl, your heart is bigger and more tender than any other girl's in this city, and it's all right. You shall wear what you like, and we shall all go by for Hilda. True love is not getting but giving, anyway."

A short time later they called at the door of the Harris home, where Hilda greeted them soberly. "Father says I can't wear your dress, Lois. He says it was not bought for me, and I might just stay at home anyway."

Lois looked up painfully into her father's eyes, and he read the meaning. Then they all entered a room where they were not bidden. The doctor spoke kindly, "Mr. Harris, will you not go with us to see these little girls of ours get their diplomas?" Mr. Harris was scarcely noticing the speech, but carefully noted the affectionate and intimate attachment that seemed to exist between the two girls. He then spoke in broken tones: "This kind-heartedness of your daughter has rent my heart in twain. Dr. Rowe, no punishment could be more severe than the bitter remorse for my wrongs. Yes, I shall go with you to-night, and to-morrow shall bring a new day for me."

That evening as the president read the roll of honor, at the head of the great semi-circle of seventy-two boys and girls there stood first the girl whose soft brown curls mingled with the lace frills, and beside her stood a dark-haired girl in a plain white organdie.

In the audience sat two men with their heads turned in the same direction. The one whispered to the other, "your daughter has taught me to see the best in life," and the voice of the other returned as an echo. And as the wonderful beauty, not seen before, radiated from the faces of the girls that night, the hearts of the men beat in unison.

—M. B., '18

Iset Kheb

(For the facts in this story we are greatly indebted to Prof. Wm. Hood, and the greater part is in his exact words.)



IN the late 70's or early 80's, Rev. John Griffin, a prominent missionary in upper Egypt, wrote Erskine College that he was shipping it a mummy, and for the college to be prepared to receive it on its arrival. In due time the college was notified that there was a box addressed to it. The box was like those we see bearing a corpse to the cemetery for burial.

The mummy was a young woman of about twenty years of age. Her birth must have been about the time of the birth of the famous Cleopatra, a few score years before the birth of Christ, during the time of the Roman domination over Egypt. Her name was Iset Kheb, the daughter of the priest of On. Before the wrapping began, the head, thorax, and abdomen were opened, and all the viscera carefully removed. Not only was there left in the mummy nothing to decay, but with the removal of the viscera curiosity, that passion of mankind that would see all new things, tho the wish to see might destroy, had no field left for its explorations. This was the headstrong passion that was believed to have ultimately caused the destruction of the mummy by fire. It need scarcely be said that the Egyptian embalmer wrapped the cerecloth firmly around the finger and toe, each arm and leg, and then with wider strips of cerecloth, beginning at the feet, he progressed upwards to the head, filling in around the neck and chin so that, altho the neck was thick, there were no wrinkles in the cerecloth. Therefore she was a solid whole, and no water and little air could get in to the dry flesh. If she had been stood upright she would not have bent.

The mask that covered her head had her own likeness painted on it, and she was a very beautiful young lady. Many things were painted on the cerecloth. They were well preserved, for the colors were as fresh and handsome as when the painter completed his work. Among the figures on the cerecloth, the great all-seeing eye of Osiris was prominent. This Egyptian deity had the power of being a bull, an apis, or a man, which ever suited the moment best. Next to Osiris, the Scarabee, or sacred beetle, the emblem of immortality, was most conspicuous. There were also two small serpents painted on the lower parts of the mummy in brownish colors. These were probably to suggest another object of Egyptian worship.

The college had a beautiful box of the proper dimensions made; a glass top with a rest on which it could lie when open, and placed in the room on the third floor of the east wing of the building. Here was Iset Kheb located. She was the greatest gift the college had ever received. The door of her box and the door of her room were locked; and the custodianship conferred upon Prof. Wm. Hood. He prepared himself with all the information on mummies, embalming, and painting on the cerecloth he could find, and felt ready to let visitors call on her. At first it required about all the time he could spare to fix days and hours for visitors to call. He had to remain in the room with her, answer questions, and show such courtesies as guests might require. It was soon apparent among the students of the college that they must see below the bandages or not be satisfied. Curiosity was beginning to stir among some of them. To see if the wish might be safely gratified, the custodian wrote to the Smithsonian Institute whether it thought a small part of the bandages could be removed without injury. The reply was that if part of the cloth was taken off it would start disintegration. Besides, precautions must be taken to guard against disease germs. This would make it dangerous to try to uncover any part of her. Here that question stopped when it was announced that no part of her wrappings could be disturbed, and for several years the subject was dropped.

During these quiet years the literature concerning the relic increased, and her home was a happy one. Miss Clark, of the Woman's College, contributed a poem whose subject was, "Why did Miss Kheb die so young?" A possible answer to that question was this: Miss Kheb was the daughter of a priest, and every year a young lady of the royal family, or of the line of priests was selected by lot as a sacrifice to the Nile for its generous overflow, and enrichment of the land. The lot on one time fell on Iset Kheb, and she was therefore the sacrificial victim for that year. Hence, her death so early in life. Poems like this were published and placed in the box along with the mummy, and thus her fame grew year by year. If her mummy life could have flown smoothly during the thirty years since those first poems were written, how greatly her literature and fame might have grown by this time. But a change, be it sorrowfully spoken, cut short her possibilities, and with that change both the mummy and the college were destroyed by fire.

Curiosity, that restless passion which, if indulged, will transform its possession into an evil and vicious monster that can regard nothing as too sacred to be destroyed, returned on a very small minority of the students, most likely only two, to see with their own eyes what was under

the cerecloth that enwrapped the mummy. The room was frequently visited in the night; no lock or repairs to the broken door could prevent entry, or admonish against future violence. The lock of the glass door of the case was wrenched off, and it was evident that the mummy was being handled. The custodian finally notified the president of the college that if intruders could not be kept out of the room he would have to give up his efforts to care for the mummy. A night or two after this, at about eleven o'clock, the alarm of fire was raised. Erskine College was ablaze. The mummy room on the east wing, the belfry tower, and the roof of the upper room on the west wing were all consumed, and the fire still traveling from roof to roof of the third-story rooms, burning thru, the fire falling to the floor, and setting them on fire. No fire had been in the east wing that afternoon. The first man at the burning building could not enter the door on the ground floor because of burning falling timbers.

The janitor often pushed waste paper under the belfry tower stairway in front of the mummy room door until he had time to take it away. A blazing match thrown here by any chance could start a fire. While the house was burning, with the yard full of helpless spectators, a gentleman whose veracity could not be questioned, said to the custodian of the mummy: "I know two students who have not had their collars off to-night." "Who are they?" he asked. The gentleman replied, "Watch, I think they will show themselves." In less than a week two students from the distant West left Due West without saying good-bye to anybody. Nothing was left of Iset Kheb except some bones in the ashes on the ground under her room.

—F. T. W.

My Hope

*The callings of great men inspire me;
I praise them again and again.
But thoughts of their greatness oft tire me,
For I may not greatness attain.*

*Each offers a broad sphere of glory,
Alluring to those who love fame;
But may it not be my life's story
That I would be great just in name.*

*I hope, thru my effort and labor,
To be of some use here indeed;
To be, in my calling, a neighbor
To my brother in sin and in need.*

*O hope, all thru life wilt thou guide me
And help me live truly in thee;
That failures may never betide me,
And servant of God may I be.*

—D. A. MILLER

The Worst Fruits of the War

*Many the soldiers on battlefields dying,
Called from their homes into struggle and strife;
Loved ones in sorrow and agony crying
Long for a brighter, a happier life.*

*Many the wives and the children in anguish,
Calling for homes, for food, and for clothes;
Tossed in affliction, their forms with a languish
Show to us hardships and poverty's woes.*

*Many the fathers and mothers now bending
Low 'neath the cross of a crimson-like stain;
Messages dark in their stories heart-rending
Tell them, "Your sons are asleep with the slain."*

*Many the sufferers' distressful afflictions,
Caused by the struggle, their pleasures to mar;
All these upon them, which seem maledictions,
Are the worst fruits of a terrible war.*

—D. A. MILLER

The American Spirit Our National Safeguard



ULY, 1914, found the world resting in an atmosphere of peace and happiness. Civilization woke one August morn to find half the world bowing before the shrine of the god of war. Ever since have the Mars-worshippers grappled in their fury. Day after day the men in the trenches direct their thirsty guns on the enemy's arms. Day after day the flower of European manhood is being mown down by the weapons of man's blood-stained hands. Day after day the beings of God's own creation suffer untold agonies on the death-wrapped field of carnage. Day after day the widows and orphans of this heart-rending conflict undergo unspeakable shame and unmatched misery. Almost two years gone and still no cessation of strife—nay the bounds of the war are constantly extending until its deathly shock reaches to the end of the earth. The clash of death-dealing arms and the bellow of murderous cannon have resounded for such a time that some are beginning to ask if the world is going to fall back into the miry trenches of mediaeval militarism. Are we to arm ourselves to the teeth and then eagerly await an entrance into the world war? It is almost essential that our army be increased to insure our moral standard among the nations. We have heard the urgent call of Wilson for preparedness. Let us stand behind our President in his heroic efforts to preserve the nation's rights. Let us increase our army to 500,000 or more if need be—whatever it takes to preserve the nation's honor. But let us also realize that mightier than military prestige, grander than floating navies are the powers of righteousness and truth—the powers that characterize the true American spirit—that spirit which has made America in the past, that spirit which protects America to-day and the only spirit which will preserve America in the future. Let us now look at these mighty forces upon which we are to depend to safeguard our nation and our civilization while the world writhes and weeps under the woeful work of a wanton war.

The safeguard which means most to us as a people is the American spirit. By it we mean that spirit which has been the guiding and dominating principle in the growth of this Republic. The name America has always been a synonym for liberty and freedom. The hyphenated-Americans who come to our shores come here because they know they will be free, free from a military despotic rule, free from the exorbitant taxes of a military nation. In our land of liberty every citizen has free and equal rights, and the rulers are merely the leaders of the people. The ideal of freedom is so strongly imbedded in the national consciousness, that

the people are unwilling to be enslaved by a cruel militarism. America was founded by refugees from tyranny and oppression, and this spirit which was implanted on our shore by wandering Pilgrims and fleeing Huguenots is indeed an impregnable safeguard of our civilization. Kings and kaisers will ever fear to molest a people who hold freedom so sacred and so dear. But why? It is because battalions and trained army corps fall helpless before a regiment inspired with the ideal of freedom. Was such the case in our war with England, and was it not so with Cromwell and his Ironsides? Love of cause and country wins battles, not merely trained soldiers.

The American Spirit with its passionate love of liberty and its boundless love for humanity is the capstone of three hundred years of building of the national conscience. Are we to tear down this building not made with hands and surround ourselves with forts and batteries as if these alone would protect a nation? We may be reminded that no nation is safe merely because of its military equipment. Why should we advocate that compulsory military service which is to-day the pride—yea, the curse of war-worn Germany, when with a moderate army and navy together with the American Spirit, we have for one hundred and fifty years, subdued the oppressor at the same time building up our vast Commonwealth. An army increases relative to the size and growth of our Republic is right and just, but God forbid that our country be entangled in the throes of a hell-hired militarism. Our surest defense as a nation rests not in siege guns and dreadnaughts, but rather in the character of the nation itself.

The fight for preparedness is in reality a clash between the American ideal of equal rights and the European ideal of Prussian militarism. Judging from the past, which of these two is the better safeguard for a nation and its civilization? The Prussian ideal, although dormant and peaceful for a time, has at length plunged all Europe into a momentous conflict. The American ideal has brought peace and happiness to millions and as long as we have a President who is true to his principles, our state will continue to be one of peace and contentment. Although our country has been engaged in a few conflicts, never yet has Old America been dishonored or her proud flag been trampled upon. Has it been thus on account of her armament? Nay, rather the guardian saint of our wave-washed shore is the great American Spirit, that devotion to the ideal of America.

Another characteristic safeguard of our nation to-day is the spirit of Paternalism. By it we mean the spirit of protection for the weaker nations. It is essentially that big-brother feeling for those weaker than ourselves. We should all love the stars and stripes, but we should cease to put America

first for she is not first; humanity is first. In the words of Dr. Jefferson, an eminent New York divine, "The honor which we must guard with greatest zeal is not the honor of our country, but the honor of man." Will not such a spirit as this ultimately safeguard our nation? Never will we need a tremendous sea power as long as we have a President who is true to the principles of brotherly love and good will. Only within the last few weeks has this spirit of paternalism been manifested in the new Pan-Americanism, as described by Secretary Lansing, in which protection is assured to the South American Republics, thus showing them that we are not after their possessions, but their friendship, and the surest safeguards of any nation lie in its friendships. Where in the annals of European History do we find a case parallel to that of our dealing with Cuba? This island was freed from the hand of the oppressor, the country was developed, and finally, the independent Cuban Republic was set up. When Belgium was devastated by the war-maddened Teutons, the cry of the starving Belgians went out to humanity. The American people with their characteristic generosity responded instantly to the appeal of the sufferers. Such acts of kindness represent the true heart of the American people. Such gifts of sympathy brand America as a friend to mankind. Such deeds of love command the respect and admiration of the world. In such acts as these do we find the true American safeguards. Why need we rely on arms as our strongest protection, when we have such a spirit as this resting under the bounteous banner of this Republic. Why do we look for Howitzers, for Zeppelins, for a warring host as our only protection, when we have this spirit as our motto written by Time's unflinching hand on the bold brow of this commanding Commonwealth.

There is another phase of the American spirit which is a safeguard to our nation to-day. It is that principle which calls for the arbitration of national disputes. It is that principle which Wilson calls, "the predominant passion of the American people." It is the undying love for peace. The Prussian ideal was saturated with a desire for war, and war was the result. The American ideal is filled with a love of peace, and peace we shall have, if we only hold allegiance to the grand old American ideal, which is a veritable synonym for peace preservation. Never in the history of any nation have more threatening war clouds hovered over than over our country within the last two years. We have a fearless fighter in the White House, but he fights with his pen, his intellect, and his soul, which are indeed mightier than any sword. He has sounded the call to watchful waiting, to patient forbearance, to sympathy and good will, a call to Right, to Justice, to Peace. When the Lusitania was sunk, our Government was on the very border-brink of war, but grasping his patriotic pen,

dipped in the strongest of the American ideals, with a longing desire for peace, yet with profound feeling for his country's honor, Wilson has practically adjusted the delicate situation. His was indeed the honor, but the triumph was of the American Ideal.

What think ye? Do we need more enduring safeguards? We answer no. America does not live through force of arms, but through the strength of her national spirit. The nation which relies only on physical strength is destined to totter and then to fall. He that taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword. What has become of those mighty kingdoms of the past who put their trust in physical power? Where is the might of the Alexanders, the Caesars, and the Napoleons? They have long ago perished, and the only record is the remembrance of their brutal barbarisms and their uncontrolled selfishness. So let us realize that the real strength of our nation lies not in an army and navy, but rather in its great moral power. If we as a nation will only fear the God of nations and love our fellow man, then will we be imbued with that spirit which constitutes the true safeguard of this Republic.

As we consider these guardian principles, are we not reminded that these are the very essence of Christianity itself. Indeed, if we will only cling to these high ideals, have we not a stronger protector in the person of God Almighty Himself, who holds His Angelic Legions ever-ready to protect an obedient nation?



The Burden of the Age



ALMOST two thousand years ago in the little village of Bethlehem, beneath a wonderful sky of stars, a Savior was born to men. In the holy stillness of the night a host of heavenly angels sang, "Peace on earth, good will toward men!" Yonder in the heavens a bright star guided the wise men to the manger where the young Prince of Peace lay sleeping in His mother's arms. At that time the Roman legions were encamped throughout the Judean hills and on the ramparts of Jerusalem itself the Roman flag was unfurled to every breeze.

The Savior of mankind came to bring peace to a warring world, yet even at the present time it seems that his sufferings were all in vain. History is a bath of blood. The story of the Iliad is one long recital of how Diomedes, Ajax and Hector killed. The history of Babylon, Greece, Carthage, Rome and all the other nations of the past, whose glory of former times is forgotten in the greatness of the present, is but a history of horrible warfare and of the most sickening bloodshed. The progress of man, of civilization, even of religion has been over mountains of dead bodies and across rivers of human blood. Throughout the ages men and nations have resorted to the most horrible means to gain power and unlawful possessions. Might always made right. Smaller nations have been the prey of larger in the mad struggle for world supremacy. Ahab still murders Naboth for his vineyard. In the mad progress of the world the "Little Babe of Bethlehem" has been absolutely forgotten. No means has been spared to accomplish the desired end. It is because of this that great nations of the past have sunk into oblivion, remembered only for their horrible deeds of cruelty. It is because of this that women and children have been made homeless and fatherless. It is because of this that babes have been snatched from their mother's breasts to suffer the most horrible deaths.

Such is the gory nurse that has trained society to cohesiveness. We have to thank this cruel history for the war-like type of man and for the capacity of physical heroism of which the human race is full. Our ancestors have bred the fighting spirit into our bone and marrow and it will take many years of peace to breed it out of us. The popular imagination of to-day fairly fattens on the thought of war and bloodshed. Men think that by war they will win fame and glory and be lauded as brilliant heroes by generations yet unknown. But for every soldier killed upon the battle-

field and hailed as a savior of his country there are many thousands who are forgotten by their countrymen as quickly as their bloody forms are hidden in nameless graves. The man forgets these things when the call comes; he thinks only of the fading flower of fame which is never to become his own.

*"He heard the fifes at the end of the street
He heard the marching of thousands of feet:
The rush, the murmur, the best of the dream,
The sudden wild delirium:
He saw the gold banners and flying flags,
The rapturous faces of lads and hags:
The light romance and the gleam of it all
The wonder, the magic, the dream of it all.*

*"But he did not see the lonely camp-fires burning
On distant fields, and he forget the yearning
Of aching hearts when nights were filled with dread,
He did not see the pitious, helpless dead,
He did not think of sorrows and alarms,
The empty years that mocked his empty arms,
But if he had seen would he have followed still?"*

War is but an empty dream which lures men and nations to their doom. It is a dark and threatening cloud from which falls no refreshing rain. It is an oasis which is never reached. Through the ages the thunder of war has been heard. The parents of war are lust and passion, its children are desolation, death and despair. Wherever men are dying and orphaned ones are crying, where unprotected women are sighing, there the war god is found.

To-day the bolts which have held civilization together are being broken. A world war is on. For the last twenty months the blood of the purest young manhood has flown in rivers across the bloody battle-fields of Europe. Nine million of the flower of the earth's manhood have sacrificed themselves upon the bloody altar of the war god. Women and children have perished of hunger. A whole nation of liberty-loving people, such as we, have been literally destroyed. Peace treaties are being broken as if they were nothing. Faith between nations have been absolutely destroyed. For nearly two years the only music heard in the desolate homes

is that of the bugle call to battle. When we last celebrated the birth of the Prince of Peace, and the hearts of American children were made glad by gifts, the only gifts the little children of Europe received were that of the dead bodies of brothers or fathers. Ships laden with merchandise of the world and freighted with human souls have found rest beneath the troubled sea. Men have snatched money from the hands of women and children and spent it to buy arms and munitions of war with which to kill their brothers.

To all this we say that we are thankful that our own nation has not become engaged in the great conflict, that we are free from the world conflagration. But are we? To-day we are spending enormous sums of money to build battleships. When we increase our expenditures on the army and navy by six million dollars, when we are entering into a mad struggle for supremacy on the seas, when we call for four thousand volunteers into our armies, can you admit that we are preparing for peace? When we hear so much about preparedness do we believe that our nation is preparing to carry on the peaceful pursuits of man? When we adopt such a course as this we are inevitably drifting toward militarism and just as inevitably into war. If a man or a nation prepares the time will come when there will be a fight. Many advocates of preparedness say that our flag has been insulted, that we have been disgraced before the eyes of the world, that our citizens have been murdered by the European nations. But who is to blame? A world riot is on, our citizens have been warned to keep out of the danger zone. But they will not hear the voice of danger; they allow pleasure and the hope of worldly gain to take them into almost certain death.

The time has come when America must lead the forces of peace. The world looks to us to uphold the banners of the Prince of Peace. To-day when thousands are dying on the bloody battlefields of Europe, when the god of peace is in a death-grapple with the god of war, instead of pleading for war:

*In the name of humanity,
In the name of the women that sigh,
In the name of the orphaned ones that cry,
In the name of the men that die,
In the name of God most high,
Let us pray for peace.*

The world needs a strong, yet peace-loving nation to lead the war for peace. The mission of America is and should be a mission of peace. All the other nations of the world have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Are we going to fail? Are we going to continue our policy of "preparedness," are we going to throw our influence on the side of war? The destiny of civilization and of Christianity rests in the hands of America to-day. It is yet within our power to bring about that ideal condition when every man can sit in peace under his own vine and fig tree and the Savior of the world will be recognized as the Prince of Peace.

—R. C., '16



He Leadeth Me



THE sun was just peeping over the treetops when Billy Rogers was making his way towards the village whistling a merry tune. It was a bright spring day, and a slight breeze from the south was fanning his cheeks. The fragrance of the green blades of grass, and the bloomnig violets mingled with that of the newly ploughed ground. The birds were flying hither and thither, busily getting food, yet they were not too busy to express their joy for the beautiful morning. However, all these things were unnoticed by Billy, for he was in deep meditation. During the last few days he had experienced a feeling altogether different from any other which he had ever had. Before this time he had thought that girls were fit only to play paper-dolls, bake mud pies, and such like. At school he had always opposed having the girls play in the same game with the boys, but lately he had been ring-leader in playing handkerchief with the girls, and had managed somehow or other to always hold Rebecca Williams' hand. Even now he was hurrying on in hopes of catching a glimpse of her before school.

Just as he came in view of the forks of the road he caught a glimpse of a blue dress which made his heart jump into his mouth. He quickened his pace. The figure in front was walking slowly, but when she looked behind and saw Billy she began to walk faster. Billy quickened his pace into a run, and dashing up behind her he caught the ribbon of her hair, and untied it as he passed.

"You horrid boy," said Rebecca. "Now you have my hair all down and how am I ever to get it up again?"

"I'll put it up," said Billy.

"And a pretty looking sight it will be, too," said Rebecca.

"I always do up my sister Susie's."

"Well, come on then."

So Billy began his task with trembling fingers, and a thumping heart. After a long silence he remarked, "I always did like yellow hair, and red ribbons."

"I always did think a heap of freckled-faced boys," said Rebecca.

Saying this they continued their journey, both taking bites time about from a big red apple which Billy's aunt had given him for recess.

That morning Billy had a hard time with his lessons. He couldn't seem to get his mind on them, and consequently missed his spelling and arithmetic, and had to stay in at recess.

After a few minutes work and explanation he was dismissed, and on coming out found everyone talking about the picnic to be given at Sidney's

Cave the next day by the Sunday School. He had already arranged with Rebecca to sit by her in the big wagon which was to take them.

The trip to Sidney's Cave was a long one, but Billy amused himself by showing Rebecca pictures which he had drawn the day before. Rebecca noticed something written on the opposite side of one of the pictures and reached for it, but Billy was too quick for her. He snatched it and put it in his pocket. She began to beg in whispers for it, but Billy whispered back, "I can't let you see it. You will tell." "Honest, I won't, Billy. Please." "It wasn't anything, anyhow," said Billy. "Yes it was, too." "I can't do it, Bekky."

"Well, if you don't, I'll never have anything to do with you as long as I live. Hear me, Bill Rogers."

Billy reached into his pocket, pulled out the picture, and held it before her. Rebecca read these words: "I love you." Her face turned red, and she said, "Billy Rogers, I'll never have a thing to do with you as long as you live," and then turned her head away. Billy, however, saw the pleased expression which flitted over her face. In a few minutes he began to display another picture. Rebecca tried not to look, but her curiosity was too great for her, and she began to look again.

By this time the wagon had reached the cave. After a short preparation dinner was eaten before the spring, near the mouth of the cave. After dinner was finished candles were brought from the wagon, and the party started on an exploring expedition thru the cave. Billy and Rebecca started out together, and for a while they had a lot of fun trying to get away from the bunch. They would take a passage leading in the opposite direction from that taken by the rest; yet in the end they would all come out in the same place.

These rambles had taken them to the remote parts of the cave, and it was now that Billy saw a hole leading under a cliff, which he had never seen before. He was eager to explore it, and Rebecca was right at his heels. They crawled a few feet into the hole, and all at once came into a big roomy space. They both now began to run about looking at everything, and observing the beautiful colors of the walls. They followed every passage to its end. They were so enthused over their discovery that time slipped by unconsciously. It was not until Rebecca began to grow uneasy because of the strangeness of the place that Billy looked at his watch. It was six o'clock—time both of them should be on their way home. They now remembered that it had been a long time since they had heard any of the others.

Both were panic-stricken, and began to retrace their steps quickly. As they went further Billy noticed that the place seemed altogether new, but

he kept his observations to himself. It was not till they had come to the end of a passage that had no outlet that Billy realized that he had lost his way. He told Rebecca that he had gotten the way a little mixed, and should have taken the opposite passage, instead of this one. When they got back to the main passage he couldn't find one in the opposite direction, and after an hour of aimless wandering he admitted to Rebecca that they were lost.

She sat down and began to cry. Billy was almost ready to cry himself, but the sight of Rebecca made him feel that he must act a man's part, so he said, "Bekky, don't cry. Even if we don't find our way out ourselves the others will miss us, and send someone in search of us. We will just stay here near the stream, and listen. We will hear them halloo soon." Rebecca stopped crying, and they sat on the rock listening, but there was no sound. Billy now began to halloo every little bit, but the echo was their only response. They say silent for a long while in the flickering light of the candle. Suddenly it went out with a little flicker, and almost as suddenly Billy realized that it was their last one.

"Light another candle," said Rebecca. "It is our last one," said Billy, "and we will have to stay here until someone comes, for we can't go anywhere without a light."

At hearing this Rebecca began to cry again, and all that Billy could do did not have any effect on her. At length her sobs came at longer intervals, and she fell asleep on his shoulder. After a time Billy fell asleep with Rebecca in his arms.

In the meantime the party had gathered at the entrance of the cave, as had been arranged, and it was now for the first time that they missed Billy and Rebecca. They waited on them for half an hour, and then sent several boys in search of them. When all these came back without any success they realized that Billy and Rebecca were lost, or something had befallen them. The wagon was immediately sent ahead for help and more candles. When it came back it was filled with men. Rebecca's father and Billy's uncle were among them. The search was begun in a very enthusiastic manner, for all felt that the children would be found in a very short time, but by twelve o'clock nothing had been seen or heard of them. The search was continued all that night, and all the next day, but the results were the same. Some gave up in despair, but the relatives of the children continued the search ceaselessly, yet without finding any clues as to where they might have gone.

During most of this time Billy and Rebecca had been asleep. It was Rebecca who awoke first, and upon realizing her surroundings, she at once woke Billy. He looked at his watch, and by the dim light of the

cave saw that it was three o'clock. They were surprised to have slept so long, and began to search cautiously for a way out. After two hours of slow and tedious crawling they gave it up, and made their way back to the place where they had slept the night before. Rebecca suggested that they ought to say their prayers, so Billy putting the suggestion into action, began his in a sitting posture. Rebecca interrupted him, and insisted that he should get on his knees, for she said, "God will not hear you, if you can't take enough pains to get on your knees." This convinced Billy, so they knelt together.

They were not sleepy, and so talked for what seemed like ages, about death, funerals, and homefolks. They soon began to picture their own funeral, but this was too much for Rebecca, and she began to cry, and again cried herself to sleep on Billy's shoulder. Billy shed a few tears himself, but presently fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning he noticed that there seemed to be more light than the day before. He thought he could see a faint ray of light far down the passage on the opposite side of the cave. He began to shake Rebecca, who was moaning in her sleep, and at once told her about it. She seemed to be in a stupor, and she said she didn't care, for they were going to die, and this was just as good a place as any. After a good deal of tugging he finally awoke her, and at hearing his announcement hope sprang into her breast.

She arose, and they made their way to the ray of light, which they found to enter from above. Billy climbed up the steep wall, and pulled Rebecca up after him. They saw that the light was still brighter further on, and after rounding a curve saw a big opening in the far end of the passage. They stood spell-bound for a minute, then Rebecca caught Billy's hand and they rushed down the passage, and into the sunlight.

They lost no time in making their way to the nearest house, and the joyful news of their discovery was soon spread everywhere. As the two young heroes told their story again and again it was finally recalled that the day before they got out had been cloudy, and this accounted for the fact that they had not seen the light earlier.

A few days later two little figures were seen in a quiet corner behind the schoolhouse by the schoolmaster as he closed a window. At that moment the boy's fingers were guiding the pencil in the girl's hand over a face which looked something like his own. When they saw someone looking Billy only smiled, and tiptoed away.

—J. T. H., '18



Woman's College Election Returns

	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>
Best All-Round College Girl	MARY STRONG	JANIE MOFFATT
Best Girl Morally	MARIAN WILLIAMS	JANIE MOFFATT
Most Popular Girl	HAZZIE BETTS	MARY STRONG
Most Popular Teacher	MISS BEAN	MISS REESE
Prettiest Girl	VERA FOWLER	GARRIS BREWER
Best-Looking Erskine Student	FRANK WOODRUFF	FRANK EDWARDS
Best-Liked Erskine Student	JAMES PRESSLY	H. W. ROBINSON
Wittiest Girl	SARA BOYD	HAZZIE BETTS
Most in Love	RACHAEL BIGHAM	KATE CHISOLM
Cutest Girl	HAZZIE BETTS	MINNIE MAE HUNTER
Greatest Flirt	EDDIE MAE PARR	OLIVIA WILDER
Faculty Pet	ANNIE PRESSLY	JANIE MOFFATT
Most Intellectual	MYRTLE HENRY	FRANCES PRESSLY
Most Indifferent	DAISY CROUCH	ELLA WYLIE
Most Stylish Girl	THELMA LIGHTSEY	<i>Tie:</i> EILEEN LIGHTSEY
		LOUISE FUNDERBURK
Laziest Girl	SARAH NASH	SUSIE STEVENSON
Biggest Bluffer	FRANCIS PRESSLY	ELISE GRAY
Most Attractive	<i>Tie:</i> FLORENCE GRIER	MARY STRONG
	MARY HENRY WALKER	
Most Frivolous	MARY RANSON	OLIVIA WILDER
Most Independent	DAISY CROUCH	MARY DOWNS
Most Timid Girl	ANNIE LIGHTSEY	SOPHIA RAMSY
Biggest Talker	MARY RANSON	BLANCHE BOOZER
Biggest Laughter	OLIVIA WILDER	ELOISE PHILLIPS
Most Influential	LOUISE FUNDERBURK	JANIE MOFFATT
Most Dignified	VERA FOWLER	PAULINE ASBILL
Best Athlete	HELEN ARNOLD	HAZZIE BETTS
Best Musician	<i>Tie:</i> SARAH BOYD	
	EVELYN DALLAS	
Biggest Beater	ELIZABETH SIMMONS	ELLA WYLIE
Most Studious	FRANCIS PRESSLY	MYRTLE HENRY
Biggest Campus Loafer	SUSIE STEVENSON	<i>Tie:</i> MARY DOWNS
		EDDIE PARR
Most Conceited Girl	MARY HENRY WALKER	MARY DOWNS
Best Cook (by request)	JANIE BELL CURRY	MARGARET HORD
Most Extravagant (with powder)	NEVA DALLAS	<i>Tie:</i> SUSIE STEVENSON
		MYRTLE HENRY
Most Home Sick	MALVINA KENNEDY	LOIS PETTIGREW
Most Entertaining	EVA JUHAN	EILEEN LIGHTSEY
Most Easily Peeved Girl	KATE CHISOLM	MARY STRONG
The Happiest Girl	<i>Tie:</i> MAE MOFFATT	RACHAEL BIGHAM
	BERTIE MAE SMITH	
The Neatest Girl	MARY HENRY WALKER	MARGARET HORD

Erskine College Election Returns

	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>
Best Student	C. E. MURPHY	J. T. HENRY
Man studies least	C. W. KINARD	PRICE
Biggest bonehead	S. G. BRICE	FRESH BROWNLEI
Biggest boot-licker	MISS BROOKS	McCAIN
Most Cultured Man	DICKEY	MURPHY
Most Popular Student	WOLFF	McDANIEL, SR
Best Business Man	T. R. MILLER	MURPHY
Best Writer	W. C. GRIER	R. G. BELL
Best Debater	DICKEY	CALDWELL
Best Orator	DICKEY	BONNER
Best Athlete	McDANIEL, SR.	GALLOWAY
Best Football Player	PLAXCO, SPEX	P. W. MILLER
Best Baseball Player	McDANIEL, SR.	WOLFF
Best Tennis Player	GALLOWAY	KENNEDY
Most Handsome Man	WOLFF	KENNEDY
Loudest Fresh	GUEST	PATRICK
Biggest Flirt	P. W. MILLER	DICKEY
Biggest Dude	J. R. EDWARDS	FRESH BROWNLEI
Most in Love	J. R. EDWARDS	B. M. GRIER
Greenest Fresh	WARDLAW	HALLIDAY
Biggest Sport	DICKEY	J. R. EDWARDS
Most Popular Co-ed.	MISS McDONALD	MISS McLANE
Prettiest Co-ed.	MISS McLANE	MISS WITHERSPOON
Prettiest D. W. W. C. girl	MISS FOWLER	MISS SUSIE STEVENSON
Most Popular D. W. W. C. Girl	MISS ANNIE M. PRESSLY	MISS HAZZIE BETTS
Most Popular Man Among the Co-eds.	WOLFF— <i>Unanimous</i>	
Biggest Liar	MACAULAY	J. L. PRESSLY
Biggest Footed Man	J. L. PRESSLY	R. E. HUEY
Biggest Flirt at W. C.	MISS BRADLEY	MISS WILDER
Biggest Bull Artist	R. G. BELL	J. L. PRESSLY
Favorite Prof.	PROF. PRESSLY	DR. J. I. McCAIN
Biggest Forbidden Loafer	McCORMICK, JR.	B. M. GRIER
Most Humorous Man	J. L. PRESSLY	MURPHY
Biggest Eater	FRESH McDANIEL	KETCHIN
Biggest All-Round Crook	P. W. MILLER	McCORMICK, JR.
Biggest Beater (class)	BALLARD	RODDEY
Best Singer	BOYD	F. B. EDWARDS
Best All Round College Man	MURPHY	McDANIEL, SR.
Biggest Pelican Crook	HUEY	SNELL
Most Conceited Man	DARLINGTON	BELL
Best Physical Man	DARLINGTON	MURPHY
Most Conscientious Man	D. A. MILLER	C. O. WILLIAMS
Ugliest Man	CRAIG, SR.	FRESH McDANIEL
Most Conceited Co-ed.	MISS BROOKS	MISS WARDLAW



A Caller at the Woman's College

News Notes

SEPT. 14TH, 1915—Speedy Kennedy invaded Erskine this morning and took his seat in the President's chair, immediately assuming command of the Chapel exercises.

* * *

SEPT. 18TH—Prof. John and Ping fought a duel tonight over a disagreement concerning the new schedule.

* * *

SABBATH MORNING, OCT. 1ST.—Jim Pressly appeared at church today in his new green splashed suit and created quite a sensation.

* * *

OCT. 15TH—The Co-eds' uniform hats arrived last night. They are pretty, and even made some of them look pretty.

* * *

OCT. 28TH—Jim Plaxco walked to Chapel this morning with Miss Bradshaw—Quite unusual.

* * *

NOV. 3RD—The walls are being kalsomined for Synod. Fresh Guest is doing the work.

* * *

NOV. 11TH—Synod is on. Many queer looking men are on the streets and the boys are enjoying immensely the business meetings in the church.

* * *

NOV. 15TH—Sunbeam Grier and Mustard Roddey have decided to enter the Ministry as a result of the meeting of Synod.

* * *

NOV. 19TH—Prof. Reid dismissed John Neely from his employ this morning because John would not let Graham play with the bottle of Mercury. We wish John good luck in whatever work he may take up.

* * *

NOV. 29TH—Trusty Brown and Fresh McDaniel are very ill today as a result of the Thanksgiving dinner yesterday. Little hope is entertained for their recovery.

* * *

DEC. 3RD—Choc Edwards, Sr., has his girl's Christmas present on display in Young's jewelry store. Quite a beautiful la valliere.

DEC. 10TH—The Glee Club concert came off tonight. All did their parts well except Glenn Bell and Alvin Miller, who simply can't sing.

* * *

DEC. 16TH—Xmas is coming. The Due West shops are filled with Xmas goods and the streets are thronged with gift-seekers.

* * *

DEC. 23RD—Very few are left for the holidays. The city is very gay. Extra good movies are on every night, and three dances will be held at the Woman's College during the week, all of them being led by Miss Wilder and Mr. Haigler.

* * *

JAN. 5TH—Booty Miller died this morning of a broken heart because his girl didn't send him a Xmas present. The funeral will be held tomorrow 4 P. M. at Newberry.

* * *

JAN. 28TH—Killough McCain sported Miss Steele to the Philo. celebration tonight.

* * *

FEB. 3RD—Mumps are all the go.

* * *

FEB. 7TH—For the last week Miss Georgia Wardlaw has been trying very hard to land Nellie Baird for the banquet. So far she has not succeeded.

* * *

FEB. 19TH—Ebbie Hood is unwell this week on account of an overdose of conceit.

* * *

FEB. 22ND—Prof. Reid forgot to say "Morning to all" this morning. The Seniors are quite indignant over this insult.

* * *

FEB. 24TH—The Co-eds are on the war-path to-day. No harm done yet except the capture of Sid Rodman by Miss Emma Witherspoon. Trouble is now brewing between Miss Witherspoon and Miss Finley. Dean Kennedy has ordered the reserve troops out to quell the leap-year disturbance.

* * *

MARCH 1ST—Wonder of wonders! "Paulus" took the Seniors to the observatory last night.

MARCH 10TH—The Due West police force invaded a poker den last night. C. O. Williams and “Dr. Fanny Halliday” were both fined \$10. Bob Galloway and Calvin Kinard were found not guilty.

* * *

MARCH 13TH—P. W. Miller hasn’t said a “cuss” word to-day. He meant to, however. He just forgot.

* * *

MARCH 14TH—“Dad” Caldwell has been voted the best looking boy by the W. C. girls. We heartily concur in this vote.

* * *

MARCH 17TH—Dickey was seen making a wicket with Miss Walker to-day. Anxiety is felt lest Miss Boyce should hear this.

* * *

MARCH 18TH—A formal dance was given last night in the elegant ball room of the Muse Hotel by the Q. P. B.—an exclusive young ladies’ club in the city—in honor of Messrs. Harold McDaniel and James Bonner, who have recently recovered from the mumps. It was a very swell affair.

* * *

MARCH 20TH—Preparations are going rapidly forward for the great Junior banquet. The dress suits have been ordered and Rampey’s show windows are filled with flowers for the occasion.

* * *

MARCH 21ST—The “Spring-time Hop” was held last night in the ball room of the Phoenix Hotel. It was a success in every way, due to the management of Messrs. Sam Byrd and Ed. V. Price.

* * *

MARCH 22ND—“Laddie” Wardlaw was caught smoking a cigarette this A. M., and reported to the officers of the honor system. The trial has not been held.

* * *

MARCH 24TH—The Annual has been sent to press, and the Business Manager and the Editors are recuperating after months of hard work.

A Tragedy from Two Viewpoints

(APOLOGIES TO NONE)

*If some smart guy should Killough Sport,
He'd get in such a plight
His Father's wealth would not suffice
To make the matter W'right.*

*Ere long a convict he'd become,
A Trusty very soon.
He'd wash the dishes free from Specks
At daylight, dark, and noon.*

*He cooks the rations, rings the Bell
When it is time to dine.
He washes garments in the Brooks,
And hangs them on the line.*

*He helps a stout Buck, nicknamed W'olff
To steal a lot of Booty;
The Rod descends upon his back
For failing at his duty.*

*He feels himself an awful Simp
For getting in this plight,
But chuckles Silently with glee
At what he hears next night.*





B. M. GRIER, *Manager*

MONTE MCDANIEL, *Captain*

N. G. LA MOTTE, *Coach*

Football Schedule 1915-'16

October 2nd—at Greenville	. Erskine vs. Furman University
October 9th—at Greenwood	. Erskine vs. Bailey Military Institute
October 15th—at Due West	. Erskine vs. Richmond Academy
October 22nd—at Spartanburg	. Erskine vs. Wofford College
November 5th—at Clinton	. Erskine vs. Presbyterian College
November 13th—at Due West	. Erskine vs. Bailey Military Institute
November 18th—at Newberry	. Erskine vs. Newberry College
November 25th—at Due West	. Erskine vs. Horner



Members of Varsity Squad

J. T. HENRY	<i>Tackle</i>	C. S. TODD	<i>End</i>
J. R. CASHION	<i>Tackle</i>	F. B. ROGERS	<i>Full Back</i>
R. G. BELL	<i>Half</i>	A. J. PATRICK	<i>Half</i>
P. W. MILLER	<i>Center</i>	E. W. WILSON	<i>Half</i>
C. W. KINARD	<i>Guard</i>	M. G. GAULT	<i>Quarter</i>
R. M. KETCHIN	<i>Guard</i>	MONTE McDANIEL, (Captain)	
N. G. LAMOTTE	<i>Coach</i>		<i>Half</i>
W. B. FALLS	<i>End</i>	B. M. GRIER	<i>Quarter</i>
R. B. McCORMICK	<i>End</i>	W. L. MILLER	<i>End</i>
J. L. PURSLEY	<i>Center</i>	W. E. BLAKELY	<i>Tackle</i>



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Football



HIS season caught us unprepared. This was Erskine's first year on the gridiron and taking this fact into consideration we have a record that we are by no means ashamed of. Although we played eight games, lost seven and tied the eighth; they were all played to a comparatively close score. The team manifested better form, more confidence and played with more vim as the season approached its close. Who can say that we can not attribute this fact to Coach La-Motte's frankness, poise, and stickability? Who can question the fact that it was not due to his knowledge of the game from a psychological point of view as well as a mechanical that the boys of Erskine were able to manifest themselves so well?

Of the eleven that represented us on the field this year only two were Seniors, and that is a promising feature for a good team next year. With nine of the varsity men appearing on the field next fall, and with the good bunch of scrubs that we had the past year—not taking into consideration what may appear in the Freshman Class; the denominational colleges may well fear what Erskine can do for them the coming season.

Manager McDonald has his schedule about completed, a number of games being arranged. He has not as yet decided to our coach, but from the men who are being considered we can rest assured that we will have a man that will lead old Erskine to the front the coming season. Let us all hang to McDonald and Brice to whom ever our coach may be and rest assured that they will place a team on the field that will be a credit to themselves and the institution.



Tennis Results

STATE TOURNAMENT AT SPARTANBURG

DOUBLES

Erskine 6-6
Erskine 6-4-6
Erskine 4-3-5-5

Furman 4-2
Clemson 2-6-2
Carolina 6-6-7-7

SINGLES

Galloway, Erskine 6-7
Galloway, Erskine 6-4-6
Galloway, Erskine 4-6-6
Galloway, Erskine 1-3-5-4
Kennedy, Erskine 6-6
Kennedy, Erskine 1-0

Wallace, Carolina 1-5
Langford, Wofford 2-6-2
Morgan, Wofford 6-3-4
Sims, Carolina 6-6-7-6
Campbell, Furman 0-2
Sims, Carolina 6-6

DOUBLES AT DAVIDSON

Erskine 6-6-2-4-10

Davidson 2-4-6-6-8

SINGLES

Galloway, Erskine 1-3-4
Bonner, Erskine 6-6-2-7

Saunders, Davidson 6-6-6
Alford, Davidson 2-3-6-5



MONTE MCDANIEL, *Coach*

B. S. PLAXCO, *Manager*

P. W. MILLER, *Captain*

Basket-ball Schedule

January 13—Newberry versus Erskine at Due West
 January 17—Furman versus Erskine at Due West
 January 22—Clemson versus Erskine at Due West
 January 27—P. C. versus Erskine at Clinton
 January 28—Newberry versus Erskine at Newberry.
 January 31—P. C. versus Erskine at Due West
 February 17—Clemson versus Erskine at Clemson
 February 18—Wofford versus Erskine at Spartanburg
 February 19—Furman versus Erskine at Greenville
 February 23—Wofford versus Erskine at Due West



Basket-Ball Team

B. S. PLAXCO	.	.	.	R. F.	T. J. DARLINGTON	.	.	R. G.
R. G. BELL	.	.	.	L. F.	F. B. EDWARDS	.	.	L. G.
P. W. MILLER				C.

Subs: C. M. BOYD, J. M. PLAXCO, J. E. HOOD, J. M. BIGHAM,
A. K. WHITESIDES.

Basket-Ball

Monte McDaniel has had charge of Basket-ball as Coach. Although Monte is a member of the student body and has had no experience in this phase of college life, he has put out a good team and deserves credit for his zealous and earnest work. Our team is seriously handicapped in that we have to meet all other teams on indoor courts, while we are not fortunate in having an indoor court. However, the team has showed that the material is there. The whole team had the fighting spirit in them and never counted the game won or lost until the sounding of the referee's whistle declared time up. Our guards did excellent defensive work this year and, although this was their first year in basket-ball, they were counted as good as any pair of guards on the floor. The other three members of the team go out from here this year; but a glance at the scrub line will show plenty of material to take their places next year. Although basket-ball is young in Erskine, this being only its third year, it gives promise of holding its own with the other phases of athletics here in Erskine.



BASEBALL SPONSORS



Baseball Schedule, 1916

March 18—Bailey Military Institute at	Greenwood
March 25—Bailey Military Institute at	Greenwood
March 29—Clemson Agricultural College at	Clemson College
April 1—Linwood College at	Due West
April 3—Newberry College at	Due West
April 6—College of Charleston at	Due West
April 8—Clemson Agricultural College at	Due West
April 10—Maryville College at	Due West
April 13—Citadel	Due West
April 24—Presbyterian College of South Carolina at	Clinton
April 25—Newberry College at	Newberry
April 28—Wofford College at	Spartanburg
April 29—Furman University at	Greenville
May 2—Presbyterian College of South Carolina at	Due West
Furman University at Due West and Wofford College at Due West, dates pending.	

Baseball



THE baseball season of 1915 was one of the most successful in the history of the sport in Erskine College. Altho the team did not win the championship in the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, it came very near doing so, coming in for second place. Eleven games won and four lost is the record. Erskine this season had the distinction of being the only team in the State to defeat Clemson, which institution is usually represented by one of the strongest teams in the State. This was done twice in hard-fought contests on the home diamond. This was the first time Erskine had defeated Clemson since 1910. During the season some strong teams were defeated, while others were held to small scores. Among the former were teams from: West Virginia Wesleyan College, Clemson Agricultural College, Wofford College and Furman University. The Citadel was held to a 3—2 score. Excellent team strength was shown, and this is generally credited to the coaching of "Buck" Pressly, whose superior ability in this line is unquestioned. Some features of the work of the season were the pitching of Wolff and the catching and hitting of McDaniel. Wolff won eight games out of eleven. McDaniel's batting average was .404, which is considered a good average for a college player. Worthy of note also is the pitching of Hawthorne, who won three games out of four, and the fielding of Barron on first base, who fielded clean 139 out of 141 chances. The entire team played steady and consistent baseball during the whole season, and, generally speaking, was one of the best in the State. "Jim" Phillips was Captain. Four members of the team were mentioned for the All-Association team by Dr. W. L. Pressly, who is eminently competent to pick such a team. These were: Wolff, Pitcher; McDaniel, Catcher; Edwards, Right Field, and Barron, First Base. So much for the last season.

As the sun of another season peeps over the horizon, he discloses very nearly all of the last season's team in their old places, and some excellent fresh material. The prospects for 1916 are, therefore, the brightest. "Buck" Pressly will again Coach, and "Monte" McDaniel is Captain. We will be satisfied with nothing less than the "rag" this year. Here's hoping that the end of the season will find it floating over Grier Field!



Baseball Team, 1916

T. R. MILLER	Manager
R. G. ELLIS	Assistant Manager
W. L. PRESSLEY	Coach
MONTE McDANIEL	Captain

MONTE McDANIEL	C.	M. G. GAULT	S. S.
W. W. WOLFF	P.	R. S. GALLOWAY	T. B.
FRED HAWTHORN	P.	R. B. McCORMICK	L. F.
D. L. RAMBO	F. B.	T. J. DARLINGTON	C. F.
J. R. BEARD	S. B.	F. B. EDWARDS	R. F.

Substitutes: Cashion, Agnew, Rogers, Murphy.



Baseball Team, 1915

R. T. NELSON . . .	Manager	E. P. BARRON . . .	First Base
T. R. MILLER . . .	Ass't Manager	J. R. BEARD . . .	Second Base
W. L. PRESSLY . . .	Coach	J. W. PHILLIPS . . .	Short Stop
J. W. PHILLIPS . . .	Captain	R. S. GALLOWAY . . .	Third Base
MONTE MCDANIEL . . .	Catcher	W. T. BETTS . . .	Left Field
W. W. WOLFF . . .	Pitcher	T. J. DARLINGTON . . .	Center Field
FRED HAWTHORNE . . .	Pitcher	F. B. EDWARDS . . .	Right Field

Subs: R. B. MCCORMICK, C. E. MURPHY



All-State Battery for Nineteen-Fifteen

MONTÉ MCDANIEL	<i>Catcher</i>
W. W. WOLFF	<i>Pitcher</i>

Baseball Results, 1915

Erskine	3	Bailey Military Institute	0
Erskine	2	West Virginia Wesleyan	1
Erskine	14	College of Charleston	3
Erskine	13	College of Charleston	1
Erskine	2	Clemson	1
Erskine	8	Clemson	6
Erskine	2	Citadel	3
Erskine	6	Furman	4
Erskine	0	Wofford College	3
Erskine	2	Newberry College	3
Erskine	2	Furman	0
Erskine	0	Presbyterian College of S. C.	2
Erskine	11	Newberry College	4
Erskine	8	Presbyterian College of S. C.	4
Erskine	6	Wofford College	3

Baseball Results, to Date, 1916

Erskine	11	Bailey Military Institute	7
Erskine	2	Bailey Military Institute	3
Erskine	3	Clemson	2
Erskine	19	Linwood	3
Erskine	4	Newberry	3
Erskine	10	College of Charleston	1
Erskine	3	Clemson	12
Erskine	2	Maryville, Tenn.	0
Erskine	5	Citadel	2
Erskine	2	Newberry	1



Clubs



Presidents' Club

PRESIDENT OF

MISS MYRTLE BRADSHAW	Y. W. C. A.
J. N. BONNER	Euphemian Literary Society, First Term
R. CALDWELL	Prohibition Association
B. L. HAMILTON	Y. M. C. A.
MISS LOIS McDONALD	Calliopean Society
D. R. KENNEDY	Athletic Association
J. R. CASHION	Freshman Class
W. C. GRIER	Philomathean Society, Second Term
J. R. BEARD	Philomathean Society, Semi-Annual Celebration
DR. J. S. MOFFATT	Erskine College
MONTE McDANIEL	Sophomore Class
R. B. MCCORMICK	Senior Class
H. W. ROBINSON	Junior Class
C. E. MURPHY	Euphemian Society, Third Term and Semi-Annual Celebration
W. W. WOLFF	Euphemian Society, Second Term
B. M. GRIER	Philomathean Society, First Term



Managers' Club

T. R. MILLER	Baseball Manager
R. G. ELLIS	Assistant Baseball Manager
B. M. GRIER	Football Manager
R. H. McDONALD	Assistant Football Manager
B. S. PLAXCO	Basket-ball Manager
C. E. MURPHY	Business Manager Annual
W. D. DICKEY	Assistant Business Manager Annual
E. M. SHELTON	Assistant Business Manager Annual
R. S. GALLOWAY	Tennis Manager



Wearers of "E"

P. W. MILLER
J. R. BEARD
W. W. WOLFF
R. B. McCORMICK
B. M. GRIER
M. M. McDANIEL

F. B. EDWARDS
B. S. PLAXCO
FRED HAWTHORNE
D. R. KENNEDY
R. G. BELL
J. R. CASHION
FRED ROGERS

C. W. KINARD
R. S. GALLOWAY
A. J. PATRICK
T. R. MILLER
R. E. KETCHIN
W. E. BLAKELY



Tar Heel Club

OFFICERS

W. C. GRIER	President
MISS MYRTLE BRADSHAW	Vice-President
J. R. BEARD	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

J. R. BEARD	B. M. GRIER	E. W. SHELTON
MISS MYRTLE BRADSHAW	W. C. GRIER	F. T. WHITE
L. A. BROWN	J. E. HOOD	MISS LOIS STEELE
FRESCA BROWN	H. W. MACAULAY	MISS EMMA WITHERSPOON
T. J. DARLINGTON	J. L. PRESSLY	S. L. WALKUP
J. R. CASHION	F. M. ROGERS	MISS MACIE KNOX
L. E. FUNDERBURKE		ZEB REA



Tennessee Club

OFFICERS

J. R. EDWARDS, JR.	President
B. L. HAMILTON	Vice-President
R. B. McCORMICK	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

MURPHY BELL
F. B. EDWARDS
R. E. HUEY
L. H. McDANIEL

MONTE McDANIEL
R. B. McCORMICK
J. M. PLAXCO
W. W. PARKINSON



York County Club

OFFICERS

T. R. MILLER *President*
 W. L. MILLER *Vice-President*
 B. S. PLAXCO *Secretary and Treasurer*

MOTTO: *Why not York?*

PLACE OF MEETING: *The best place*

TIME OF MEETING: *The best time*

OBJECT OF MEETING: *To sow Alfalfa*

MEMBERS

T. R. MILLER
 J. L. PURSLEY
 D. A. MILLER
 CLARENCE STROUP
 A. K. WHITESIDES

C. O. WILLIAMS
 W. T. SIMPSON
 W. L. MILLER
 P. A. STROUP
 O. F. RODDEY

J. B. MCGILL
 B. S. PLAXCO
 T. F. BALLARD
 McELWEE STROUP
 S. G. BRICE



Chester County Club

OFFICERS

W. D. DICKEY	President
F. T. WHITE	Vice-President
H. W. ROBINSON	Secretary and Treasurer

MOTTO: *Chester certainly can*

OBJECT IN LIFE: *To out-do Rock Hill*

TIME OF MEETING: *When it is convenient for all*

PLACE OF MEETING: *In Young's pasture*

MEMBERS

JAMES BIGHAM
BOYCE BIGHAM
W. D. DICKEY

JOE LINDSEY
H. W. GLASS
C. E. MURPHY
S. L. RODMAN

H. W. ROBINSON
D. L. RAMBO
F. T. WHITE



Rock Hill Club

OFFICERS

D. A. MILLER	<i>President</i>
C. O. WILLIAMS	<i>Vice-President</i>
T. R. MILLER	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

MOTTO: *Rock Hill is a good town*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Any old place*

TIME OF MEETING: *Any old time*

OBJECT OF MEETING: *To push Rock Hill*

MEMBERS

D. A. MILLER
C. O. WILLIAMS
T. F. BALLARD

S. G. BRICE

W. L. MILLER
T. R. MILLER
O. F. RODDEY



Due West Club

OFFICERS

D. R. KENNEDY *President*
 FRED HAWTHORNE *Secretary and Treasurer*

TIME OF MEETING: *Every Rainy Day*

OBJECT OF MEETING: *To Have Picture Taken*

MOTTO: "You can and you can't,
 You will and you won't
 You'll be damned if you do
 And you'll be damned if you don't."

MEMBERS

J. S. AGNEW
 R. N. BAIRD
 D. M. BALDWIN
 A. BALDWIN
 J. N. BONNER
 R. C. BROWNLEE

W. C. CARWILE
 R. G. ELLIS
 R. S. ELLIS
 R. S. GALLOWAY
 P. L. GRIER, JR.
 FRED HAWTHORNE

CLYDE HAGAN
 D. R. KENNEDY
 C. L. MCCAIN
 GASTON MOFFATT
 W. A. WATT
 WALTER WATT



Mecklenburg County Club

OFFICERS

MISS LOIS STEELE *President*
 MISS EMMA WITHERSPOON *Vice-President*
 MISS MACIE KNOX *Secretary and Treasurer*

MOTTO: *To have a home in Mecklenburg*

OBJECT IN LIFE: *To tell the honorary members of Mecklenburg*

SONG: *"Sprinkle me with kisses"*

FLOWER: *"Two-lips"*

MEMBERS

J. R. BEARD
 J. R. CASHION
 B. M. GRIER
 W. C. GRIER
 J. E. HOOD
 MACIE KNOX
 W. H. McAULEY
 F. M. ROGERS
 ZEB REA
 LOIS STEELE
 EMMA WITHERSPOON

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS ALICE SMITH
 MISS ELEANOR HENRY
 MISS RACHEL BIGHAM
 MISS LOIS McDONALD
 MISS NEVA DALLAS
 "FRESH" BELL
 MISS MAUD PRESSLY
 MISS MARY DOWNS
 MISS MAMIE FITE
 MR. R. G. ELLIS
 MR. ANDREL WHITESIDES



Der deutsche Verein

SPRICHWORT: *Zu jeder ganzen Werk gehört ein ganzer Mann*

BLUME: *Kornblume*

DER SAMMELPLATZ: *Zimmer No. 21*

DIE MITGLIEDER

PROFESSOR JOHN	Präsident
P. W. MILLER	Vice-Präsident
W. D. DICKEY	Sekretär
C. E. MURPHY	Schatzmeister
C. L. MCCAIN	Der Ratgeber



Q. P. B.'s and Company

MOTTO: *To live, to love, and to be happy*

THE Q. P. B.'S

ALBERTA MONTGOMERY
BARBARA GRIER
JEAN KENNEDY
ELEANOR PRESSLY
RACHAEL BOYCE

THE COMPANY

J. R. EDWARDS, JR.
J. N. BONNER
R. C. BROWNLEE, JR.
P. W. MILLER
W. D. DICKEY



Anti- Cigarette Club

OFFICERS

J. R. EDWARDS	President
E. M. SHELTON	Secretary and Treasurer
W. D. DICKEY	Vice-President

MOTTO: *"Es ist verboten, hier zu rauchen, aber man tut es doch"*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

OBJECT OF MEETING: *To dispel care*

MEMBERS

J. L. PRESSLY
T. F. BALLARD
W. W. WOLFF
C. E. MURPHY
W. D. DICKEY
P. W. MILLER

R. CALDWELL
J. R. EDWARDS, JR.
O. F. RODDEY
R. H. McDONALD
C. W. KINARD
F. L. WOODRUFF, JR.

R. N. McCORMICK
S. G. BRICE
E. H. BRADLEY
J. R. BEARD
E. M. SHELTON
H. M. MACAULAY



Silent Seven Sometimes

MOTTO: *When in Rome, do as the Romans, but don't out-do them*

OFFICERS

R. B. McCORMICK	President
R. N. McCORMICK	Vice-President
T. F. BALLARD	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

T. F. BALLARD	"Sonnet"
S. G. BRICE	"Shaver"
W. C. GUEST	"Mutt"
J. K. HOOD	"Sheriff"
R. B. McCORMICK	"Big Bettie"
R. N. McCORMICK	"Little Bettie"
F. L. WOODRUFF	"Zip"



Fool's Club

MOTTO: *We're just as happy as if we had good sense*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Room No. 35 College Home*

TIME OF MEETING: *All Fool's Day—April 1st*

B. M. GRIER	<i>Fool about his girl</i>
W. W. WOLFF	<i>Fool about Sleep</i>
M. M. McDANIEL	<i>Fool about athletics</i>
R. H. McDONALD	<i>Fool about laughing</i>
R. M. KETCHIN	<i>Fool about eating</i>
W. E. BLAKELY	<i>Fool about smoking</i>
R. CALDWELL	<i>Fool about "Pep"</i>
T. F. BALLARD	<i>Just a simple Fool</i>
N. G. LAMOTTE	<i>A d— Fool</i>
R. CALDWELL	<i>Of all Fools, the biggest</i>



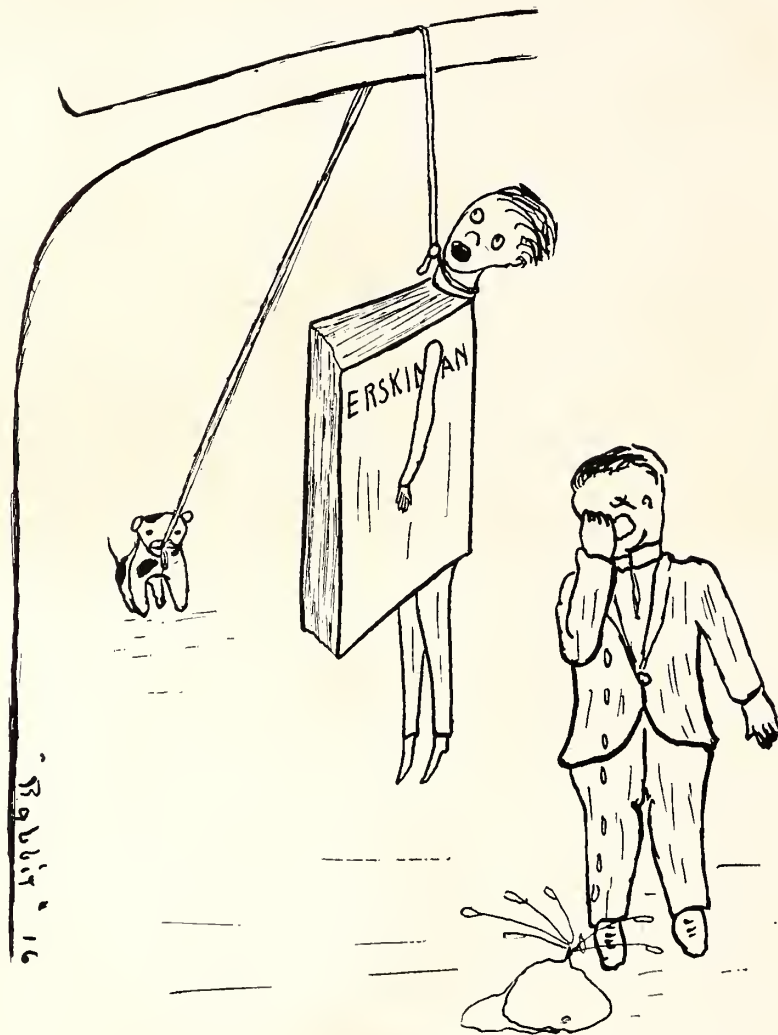
Glee Club

GLEE CLUB MANAGEMENT

MISS L. N. LONG . . . *Director* B. S. PLAXCO . . . *Manager*

MEMBERS

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D. A. Miller—"Does your father object to kisses?"

Miss M. Bigham—"I do not know. Why, do you want to kiss him?"

* * *

Plaxco—"We are expecting the "coach" to sing two solos at the Glee Club to-night."

Fresh McDaniel—"Both of them by himself?"

* * *

Fresh Wilson (looking at the football schedule)—"Does Erskine not play any games on her own grounds?"

"Dad"—"Yes, why?"

Wilson—"Because I see Erskine visits (vs.) all the time."

* * *

Miss Allen (being introduced to P. W. Miller)—"I am mighty glad to meet you."

Miller—"Yes, mam, I expect you is."

Henry (on a football trip in the middle of the night)—“‘Speed’ I want you to get up.”

“Speed”—“It is not time to get up yet.”

Henry—“I know it is not, but it is my time to sleep on that feather.”

* * *

Falls (on a football trip when the train stopped rather suddenly)—
“This train ran into something.”

Coach—“What?”

Falls—“A station.”

* * *

Prof. Grier—“Mr. Patrick, what is the total of five sheep and four cows?”

Patrick—“Nine cows, Sir.”

* * *

Prof. McDill—“You know this is no paper to hand in a theme on. What is the matter, are you broke?”

Ketchen—“No, Sir, I can get credit.”

* * *

Ketchen (at the drug store)—“Dr. Brice, I do not like this tooth paste of yours.”

Dr. Brice—“That is shaving cream young man, not tooth paste.”

* * *

Miss McDonald—“Mr. Grier came half scared, half sheepish and half amused.”

Miss McLain—“He must be a mighty large man.”

* * *

Prof. McDill (lecturing to the Fresh)—“The general function of the head of several members of this class is to keep their neckties from falling off.”

* * *

Beard, J. R.—“What is Dr. McCain doing these days?”

Caldwell—“He is trying to decipher a Babylonian tablet.”

Beard—“Any results so far?”

Caldwell—“Yes, Mrs. McCain has nervous prostration and Charles has been sent to a neighbor’s house.”

* * *

“Boot”—“You look blue and discouraged, old boy.”

“Dooley”—“I am not myself this morning.”

“Boot”—“Well, I can’t see that is anything to feel so bad about.”

Dr. McCain—"The Bible tells us that we should love our neighbors."

Haigler—"But the Bible was printed before our neighbors lived so close."

* * *

Prof. Calloway—"Mr. Macaulay, what did Caesar say when Brutus stabbed him?"

Macaulay—"Ouch."

* * *

Wolff—"The giraffe is said to be the only animal in nature that is entirely dumb, not being able to express himself by any sound."

McDaniel—"It's just as well, for if it could speak it would talk over everybody's head."

* * *

Prof. Grier—"What phases of the moon must we have in order to have an eclipse of the sun?"

Simpson—"Dark of the moon."

* * *

Dr. McCain—"Mr. Pressly, give the characteristics of Lamb."

Pressly—"Well, first of all he pitched his tent in the superbs of antiquity."

* * *

Stroup, C.—"Wolff is the best pitcher in the state."

Pursley (amazed)—"Can he really throw a curve ball?"

* * *

Dickey—"Pressly, how is Shelton to-day?"

Pressley—"He has suffered a relax."

* * *

"Trusty" Brown (on writing home)—"How do you spell financially?"

Bell—"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two r's in embarrassed."

* * *

Prof. Grier—"Can you tell the class the difference between maximum and minimum?"

Wilson—"I think that Minie Mum was Maxie Mum's sister."

* * *

D. A. Miller (at the banquet handed his girl a piece of cake and said)—"Sweets to the Sweet.

She handed him a cracker and said, "A cracker to the cracked."

Gault—"Prof. Galloway, what is the exact meaning that Jack Spratt could eat no fat?"

Prof. G.—"Why, in simple language, Mr. Gault, it means Jacquelin Spratt could assimilate no adipose tissue. His wife on the other hand possessed an aversion for the more muscular form, so between them both they removed all foreign substance from the utilitarian utensil commonly called the platter. Does that make it clear?"

Gault—"Yes, but I had never anticipated anything like that."

* * *

The formation of plurals that the Freshman proposed to investigate upon entering college:

"We will begin with a box and the plural is boxes.
 But the plural of ox should be oxen and not oxes.
 Then one fowl is a goose but two are called geese.
 Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
 If the plural of man is always men,
 Why should not the plural of pan be pen.
 If one is a tooth a whole set is teeth,
 Why should not the plural of both be called beth?
 You may find a large mouse or a whole lot of mice,
 Yet the plural of house is houses and not hice.
 The one may be that, three may be those,
 Yet the plural of hat would never be hose.
 The masculine pronouns are he, his, him.
 Why should not the feminine be she, shis, shim."

* * *

Dr. McCain—"Mr. Rodman, do you know where Herod showed his genius in to-day's lesson?"

Rodman—"No, I tried to find it on the map but could not."

* * *

"Dooly—"Mona Lisa is at the drug store."

C. O. Williams—"What train did she come in on?"

Senior Nicknames and How Acquired



COLLEGE boy without a nickname is in just about the same condition as a bob-tailed dog without a tin can on the stub. "He isn't all there." Most college boys as most bob-tailed dogs, have them and they are usually given by some astute cognator to commemorate some peculiar characteristic or some special incident in the life of recipient. Here are some of the handles acquired by our aspiring young class.

Did you ever see a class that didn't have someone to whom they could look for guidance and council? Did you ever see a class that did not have an ancestor of some sort? There was one of our number when we were verdant Freshmen who had the line of age writ on his face and dabs of wisdom sticking out the top of his head. He fitted the bill to perfection and "Dad" Caldwell became the father of our class. Later on in the course of his guiding star he was called K. C., which stands for Kansas City, and was given because when Dad was sojourning in the wild and woolly West last summer he had a peculiar affinity for the aforesaid city.

Our class enjoys the distinction of having the only and original Irishman in captivity who has never kissed the Blarney Stone. Silent Murphy was so named by Coach LaFitte because of his inability to get "Silent" to say anything. It is rumored that a certain young lady at the Woman's College tried to get "Silent" to say something about the approaching banquet and that she had no success either. Pete was bestowed upon this Irishman because it just naturally goes with the Irish patronymic, Murphy.

A bright and flaming spirit there is among us, bright and flaming in regard to head covering and intellectual ability and with a bright and flaming smile when he sees a certain lady of our acquaintance. That is "Sunbeam" Grier.

Several years ago there was an aspirant to basket-ball honors who wore spectacular spectacles. A callow youth on the side lines was heard to remark, "Oh, look-a-there at old Specks trying to shoot a goal." The goal was shot and the name of Specks has stuck fast to Specks Plaxco ever since.

Where was a man who inherited the name of Bishop from his father, but Bish suited our linguistic abilities better than Bishop and Bishop Bonner became Bish to us.

In order to say the name of one of our class it is necessary not to be too picayunish about using a little profanity. But then you can't blame us at all for really we only followed the simplest rules of spelling. Any one can see that D-A-M spells "Dam," so you can't blame us for calling D. A. Miller, "Dam" Miller.

Roderick sounded too much like we were reading some of the poetry of Sir Walter Scott to suit our prosaic minds, so we changed it to Roddy Beard.

W. W. W., now isn't that a combination of W's? He never would tell what they all stood for so we called him William Wheelbarrow Wolff to fill all those W's up.

W. C. Grier was discovered in the act of paying two cents extra for a one-cent letter. In a few minutes he was up on Forbidden making wickets with one of the broadest smiles that you ever saw on the face of a brass monkey. No one but a good sport could stand such a strain as that with such a cheerful countenance, so we just had to call him Sport.

T. R. Miller has a very peculiar walk about him. He kinder spreads his legs out and thrusts his head forward and wabbles along like an elephant. We searched long for a name to apply to that walk but the best we could do was to give the name of Booty Ketchin who had a similar walk to "Booty" Miller.

We all like to dance but there is one six foot two incher among us who is very graceful in doing the lame duck waltz. On account of this marvelous ability as a Terpsichorean he was called Lame Duck by his friends. A little nine-year old angel came to us disguised in sheep's clothing, called Buster Moffatt. When he heard Paul Miller called Lame Duck he immediately claimed that Ugly Duckling would suit him better and Ugly Duckling it has become.

When a man has a label like William you can tell a whole lot about that man by the abbreviation that is used for that name. Now, if he is called Bill you may look for a tough nut, if William he is a kind of a prude, but if it is Willie you may just as well put it down that there is not another man in the country who can be his equal when it comes to dealing with the ladies. His name is William David Dickey.

When a young man tries to make a young lady think that he is serious in his love for her and can get no better response than that she will always regard him as a brother, then that man is in a hard row of stumps. But when the same process is applied to several ladies with the

same result it is but natural that in time all the ladies will be calling him "Brother." In the case of Brother Brownlee we soon shortened it to "Bubber" Brownlee.

Killer McCain received this cognomen from the fact that ever since he was in the graded school he had a habit of hitting the teachers in his lessons. In fact, he is so proficient in this that he received the name of Killer.

L. A. Brown received the name of Trusty from Ape Lindsey. Ape said that Trusty was the only one in the class whom he would trust with anything that belonged to him.

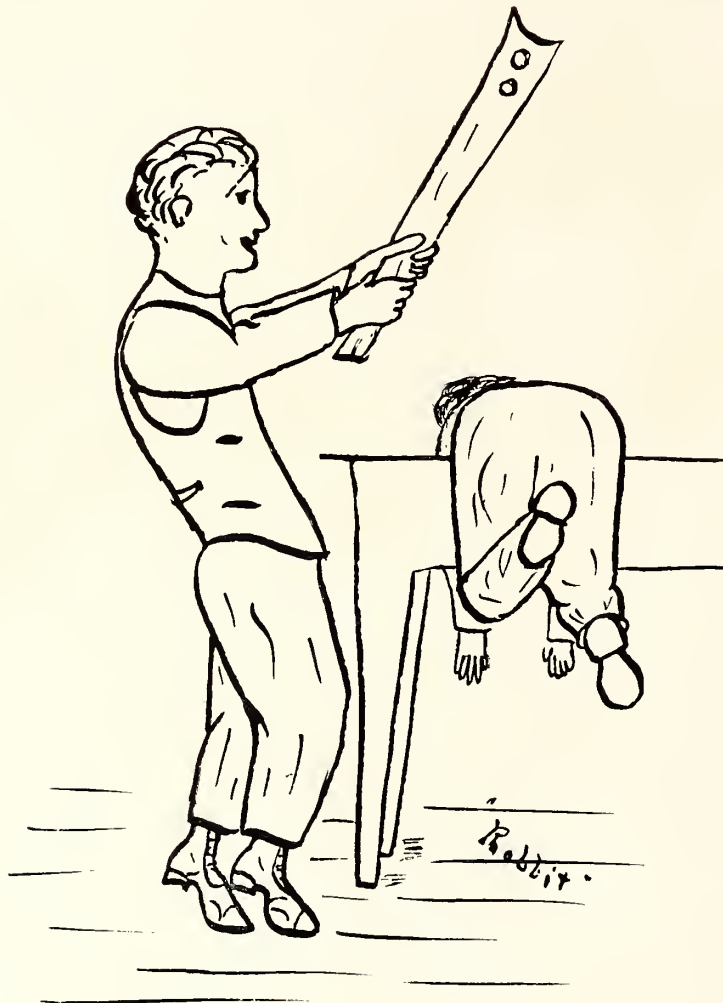
Now, Lily was such a toothsome morsel in the mouth of the whole class that they could not bear the idea of having it changed to anything else. So Miss Lily Brooks has remained Miss Lily to us all.

It is reported that Buck Kennedy inherited his name from Buck Pressly but we have very serious doubts as to the truth of that.

In the dim ages of infancy the twins called each other Betty. And now in the days of their old age there is much discussion as to whether their real nickname is Betty or whether it is McCormick.

Now, I didn't intend telling my nickname, but they said that I must. Manager and Slick I inherited from older people. Rabbit I am called because I once extricated myself from an embarrassing position by very rapid pedimentary locomotion.

—R. G. B.



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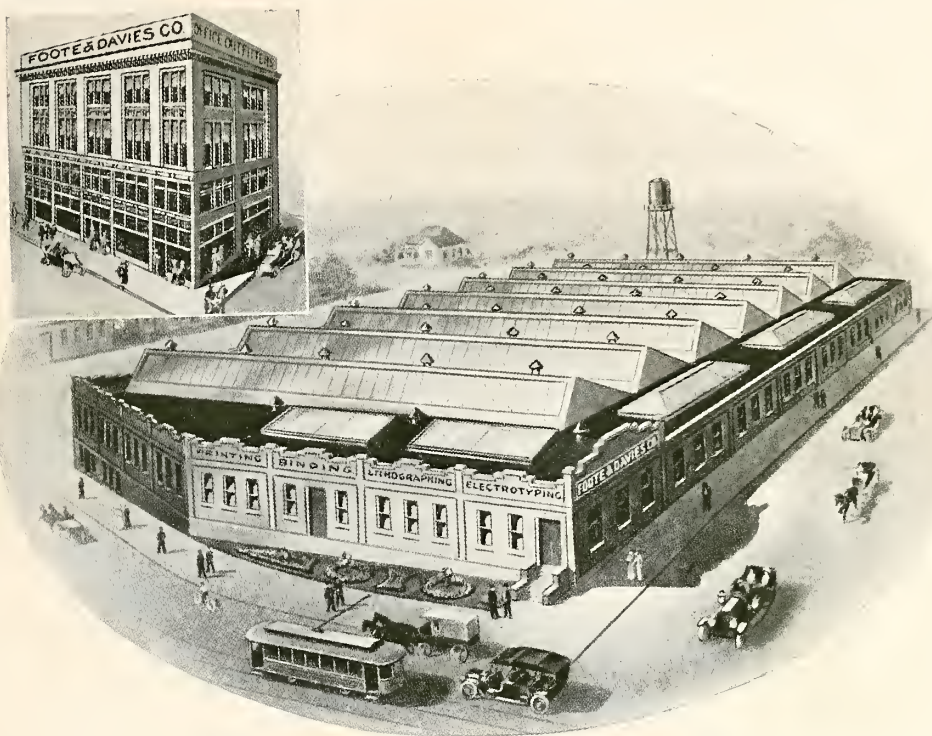
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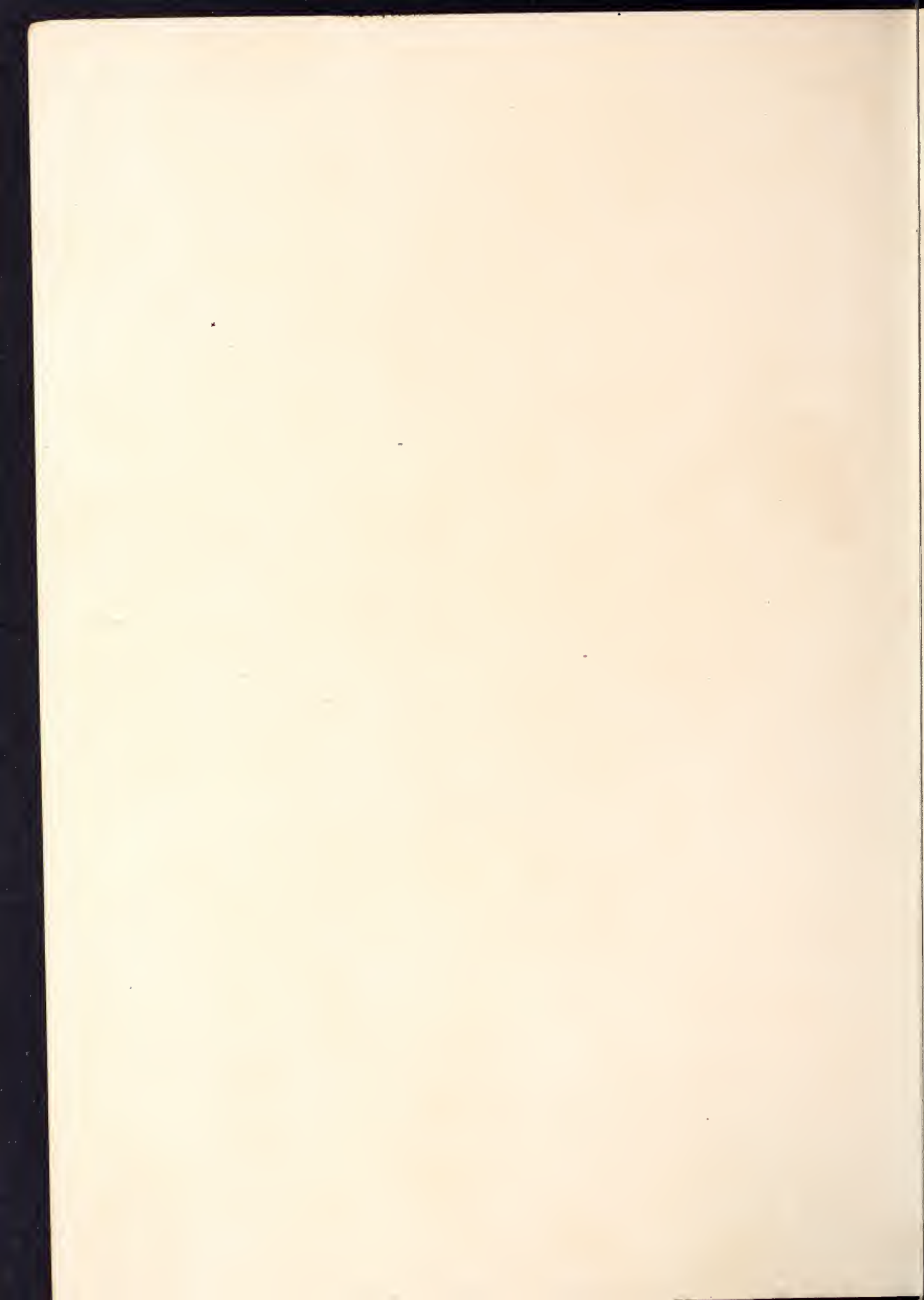
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